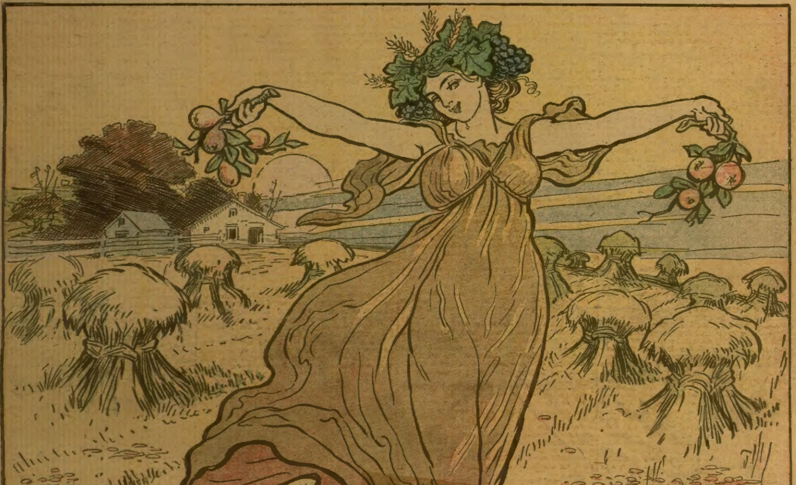
WATCH THE LEDGER, IT WILL BE GREATLY IMPROVED THIS AUTUMN.
WATCH THE LEDGER, IT WILL BE TWENTY PAGES INSTEAD OF SIXTEEN.
WATCH THE LEDGER, IT WILL BE PRINTED ON A SPLENDID NEW PRESS.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 36. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1910. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.



The Autumn Queen

Now fair September, russet-gowned,
Comes smiling through the harvest land,
Her brow with grapes and wheat ears crowned,
And ripened fruits in either hand.

Her eyes are full of light serene,
Her smile is radiant as the morn;
She seems a very Harvest Queen,
With diadem of golden corn.

Her cheeks, by wooing sunbeams kissed,
Are blushing to a rosy red,
A gleaming veil of golden mist
Floats lightly round her nut-brown head.

For her the velvet dahlias blow,
Her scepter is a bulrush tall;
For her the pears and peaches glow
On every sunlit garden wall.

The Vanishment of Gulnare;

A Thrilling Tale of the Copper Region

By WILLIAM T. BARTWICK

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Begun in No. 34, Aug. 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

A MYSTERY.

IRL reached the station just as the Eastern train came in.

Aunt Gulnare did not come. He was scarcely disappointed. She had undoubtedly missed connections and would arrive on the next train that evening.

Irl went up into the mining district, was in confab with some of his friends who were aiding him in his prospecting work. It was late when he reached his lodgings. The train from the East was in, but nothing doing so far as his aunt was concerned.

"Very likely she changed her mind about coming," he thought. "I shall learn all about it when next she writes."

And thus the young man put all thoughts of his eccentric old relative away from him for the time. He spent the evening at one of the down town club rooms where all sorts of people congregated. Drinks were dispensed to the patrons at little tables in alcoves and curtained booths, none being dealt out over a bar. In a measure Gildan's Place was exclusive, frequented by the better class of miners and citizens.

Late that night Irl went to his room, or at least started to go there.

He was overhauled on the way by a boy who asked if he would not go with him to aid his brother who had been hurt. Irl at once consented, and found the boy had told the truth. His brother, a man grown, had been badly injured by a fall into an excavation some careless builder had forgotten to tag with a danger sign.

Irl aided in carrying the injured youth into the country, to a small log cabin, where he remained till the brother had summoned a physician.

All these movements took time.

It was well past midnight when the young prospector returned to his room, rousing one of his neighbors as he climbed up the stairs.

"Hello!" exclaimed the neighbor, opening his door and peering out. "Where the Satan ye been at this late hour, old man?"

"Nowhere in particular," laughingly returned Irl, going on up to his room. He thought no more of the incident till reminded of it some time later.

One of the first things the young man learned on coming down to a late breakfast was the stunning intelligence that a great crime had been committed between Slagwood, a town six miles east, on another railway line, and Tidewater. A small extra was being hawked about the streets by boys, detailing the robbery of the stage, and killing of the driver, besides the perhaps fatal wounding of Gabriel Lickspur, who had been on his return trip from Chicago, supposedly loaded with treasure for the payment of the men at the mine.

Not far away, near the hotel bar, sat Grant Stynch, smoking a rank "twofer." He glanced up at Irl as he passed and growled his dislike under his breath.

"They won't hev to look fur," he muttered, "not fur ter find him."

Caleb Scadds, a constable, sat down beside the big fellow and asked what he was growling about. Stynch was well on the way toward a jag and was consequently communicative.

"That are robber of ther stage," said he. "You fellers won't need ter go fur ter find who did it."

"Oh, I don't know about that," returned Scadds. "They tell that the robbers were masked. 'Twasn't a very light place in the woods, and it'll puzzle the best of 'em to put hands on the outlaws."

"You lookin' fur 'em, eh?"

"That's my business."

"What yer loafin' here then fer?"

"Where ought I to go?" smiling, and thinking to humor the half-inebriated miner.

"Out to wher' the fight come off."

"I have just come from there."

"Wal, wot'd ye find?"

"Nothing to aid in unearthing the criminals. Tell me what you know about the affair, Stynch."

"I know of a feller wot lives aroun' this ere town as don't do a tap an' lives like a king. Now tell me how he does it, that's what?"

"Do you suspect him?"

"Sure."

"Who is he?"

"That are sneak, Irl Wallace."

"Oh," and Mr. Sands rose to his feet with a laugh.

"See here," cried the miner, plucking at the sleeve of the constable, "ef yer git him yer git yer man. I know it."

"Do you?"

"You bet I do, old chap. What'd ye say?"

"I'll think about it."

Constable Scadds walked out of the place, meeting Irl just outside.

"You can't guess what a man in there told me just now, Irl," said he.

"Who was it?"

"Grant Stynch."

"It wouldn't be hard to guess what he said, that I robbed the stage last night, and murdered poor Tompkins?"

"How could you guess so true?"

"Simply because that man Stynch isn't friendly to me. He's tried on several occasions to do me up. In fact, as you no doubt heard, he did put me down at Boody's dance, unfairly of course. I met him yesterday and gave him the thumping he deserved. He isn't amiable where I am concerned."

"I noticed his countenance was somewhat in mourning. So it was you——"

"None other."

About a week after this event Irl received a somewhat astonishing bit of news—a letter from a friend in the town where he hailed from in Southern Michigan.

"My Dear Irl:

"I imagine you were delighted to receive a visit from your dear Aunt Gulnare. I saw her to the station and bade her God-speed. She has been with you now for nearly a week and must be getting in with her new surroundings. Write on receipt of this and tell me how how she likes the copper country. Yours to command,

"TIM NELSON."

Astounding news truly.

What had become of his old maid aunt? How could she have lost herself on the way? In these modern days it was not easy for even the most timid to lose his way. Irl was very much taken aback. In fact he felt a trifle depressed. Despite her eccentricities Gulnare was a most lovable woman, and the dutiful nephew was in sore trouble about her fate.

Perhaps she had been one of the passengers on that ill-fated stage.

The towns of Tidewater and Slagwood were six miles apart, and on different lines of railway, hence the necessity for staging between the two places. It was not likely that his aunt would come by the southern route, it would certainly be out of her way.

Irl made hasty investigations. He even went to Slagwood in company with Constable Scadds. The two men looked over the ground where the tragedy occurred, and sought all clues to be found which were all unsatisfactory.

Irl was anxious about his Aunt Gulnare, the officer was equally concerned over the holdup, yet with a far different motive.

The two men returned to Tidewater empty handed.

The mystery of the stage robbery promised to be more than a nine days' wonder. Everybody talked about it. Reporters were at hand from outside newspapers and the affair was thoroughly written up. Scare headlines stared people in the face from a dozen first pages in as many different semi-yellow journals.

Despite all this, however, nothing came of it. Detectives there were in plenty, both amateur and expert, yet they all left the woods puzzled.

A large reward was offered, signed by the firm of Lickspur & Co. The county officials sent out notices of a reward, anxious to save the reputation of the force. For a time it all came to nothing.

Gabriel Lickspur was slowly recovering from his wound at the hospital where he had gone that he might have the best of service. Tidewater boasted an excellent institution of this kind, presided over by the Sisters of a prominent religious denomination.

Finally Irl called at the hospital to interview Gabriel Lickspur.

That gentleman sat dozing in a comfortable armchair when the young man was introduced to his notice. The two had met before in an informal way, and were consequently not quite as strangers. In fact his manager, McForce, had been good enough to inform Gabriel of the nature of Wallace's work in the copper country, and that he might in a way be regarded as a rival.

"So you have come to hear something more about the stage affair, eh?" grunted the portly magnate. "Well, I've given out about all I care to on that score, young man."

"I simply wish to make inquiries about those composing the passengers on that night," quickly uttered Irl, thinking of his Aunt Gulnare.

"I don't remember how many there was of us."

"Were there any ladies?"

"Yes, two, if I ain't out of my reckoning."

"Who were they?"

"Couple of mining women, miners' wives returning from a visit outside. I learned this from their talk."

"Nobody else?"

"No more women folks."

"What became of them?"

"They got in all right, I understand. Nobody was hurt but the driver and me. He, poor chap, was killed."

Nothing here to satisfy his fears. Irl got up and departed, rather gloomy and distrait. As he was passing out he ran upon another coming in.

"Ah, you, Mr. Wallace!" The speaker held out his hand.

The prospector ignored the proffer, turned his back on the astonished mine superintendent, and walked angrily away.

CHAPTER X.

WON ON THE LAKE.

Events were moving rapidly at Tidewater village.

Many were the sleuths put upon the case of the strange holdup. All the tough joints in and about the neighborhood were investigated and the arm of the law was swung back and forth over the whole copper country in a vain effort to lay hands on the criminals.

"This ain't no place to look for the stage robbers," declared Dave Boody, one morning, almost a month after the tragedy.

He was addressing his pretty ward who had ventured over to the boarding house on some petty errand, and was on the point of departing. The distance to her cottage home was not far. She preferred to pass most of her time here rather than at the boarding house where her guardian lived daytimes, coming nights to the cottage by the lake to look after Silene and her step-aunt Cordelia, the latter being the presiding genius of the cottage.

There were servants, a carriage and plenty of persons to wait upon Boody's ward, who was an heiress of no mean pretentions.

"What have you discovered now Guardy?", and the tall girl whirled and faced the man inquiringly.

"Nothing great," he grunted. "Them fellows wouldn't stay round Tidewater it ain't very likely. I'll bet you a king's ransom they're in Chicago or New York long 'fore now."

"And likely they'll never be found."

"Not likely, though your friend Eldow thinks different."

"Eldow?"

A quick pink color fell across the cheek of Miss Dawn.

"Yes, him you think is so much nicer than the boy who got licked tryin' to resent Grant Stynch's insult to my ward. Between the two——"

"Sir, you have no right," began the girl, flushing in vexed excitement.

"No right," with a grim laugh. "Silene, I reckoned I'd have to take a hand in that little nonsense you was indulgin' long of the boy Wallace. It's good you've thought better of it all right. Yes, Eldow was sayin' he reckoned he could put his hand on the stage robber any minute now."

"Well, why doesn't he do it?"

"Simply too tender hearted I reckon."

"Tender hearted where a murderer is concerned?"

"Well, you see, he thinks you might not exactly look upon arrestin' the boy with favor."

"Arresting what boy? Not——"

"Yes, you're guessin' right——it are that prospectin' cuss, Irl Wallace, what held up the stage."

"Such a piece of nonsense."

The girl whirled from the room with a disgusted toss of her handsome head. The idea suggested by her guardian did not appeal to her in the least. Might as well accuse old Gabriel with wounding himself and killing the driver Tompkins. She hurried her return to the cottage.

On the bluff, at a point where an extended view of the lake was to be had, she paused long enough to sweep her eye across the water. There, not a quarter mile distant, floated a canoe bearing two occupants.

Producing a small field glass which had been a present from Mr. McForce the girl leveled it on the boat. She bit her lip and dropped the glass back into her ample pocket.

So her best friend Cherry had come into the place once occupied by herself. Irl was easily satisfied she thought. She remembered that he had made desperate love to her, and now he was as deep in the meshes of a second inamorata.

"Piff!" she sneered. "What do I care? I don't like boys anyhow."

Silene ran hurriedly to the cottage, ignoring her step-aunt, passing to the attic, from the narrow window of which a fine view of Thunder Lake was to be had.

"Nothing new about the robbers?" said Cherry, breaking from commonplace chat to a subject that still subject for much discussion in the copper country.

"Yes, something."

"What is it? I have heard nothing. Only this morning Eldow said there was no further search being made. It seems a shame too, doesn't it? I can't reconcile myself to thinking that there's no chance of punishing the outlaws."

These two had been floating on the lake, pretending to fish, but most of the time chatting in the friendly manner of boy and girl friends.

Cherry was good as gold. Irl had found this out before he had known her a week. She was a most enjoyable companion, and many were the hours he passed in her society, actually neglecting more serious business.

"I have interested myself in the hunt," pursued Irl.

"Have you indeed?"

"Yes. Constable Skadds and I have been working every clue."

"And found—what?"

A sudden seriousness chased the smile from the boy's lips. He had found a clue that led in a certain quarter, but the boy was not quite ready to bring it to the front.

"Some one in a high place is destined to hear something drop before a great while," said he.

"I suppose it would be useless to ask who it is?"

"Quite so at present, Miss Cherry."

The young man's gaze fell away from admiring the gentle loveliness of his companion's face, wandering landward to that low-crouching cottage on the bluff where he knew that Silene reigned a veritable queen among her subjects. His cake had long since turned to dough in that quarter. He was sensible enough to know that a poor chap, only a boy at that, had no chance for favors where an heiress of Silene's beauty was concerned.

He thought too of his Aunt Gulnare.

The mystery surrounding her disappearance was even greater than ever. Nearly a month had elapsed since she left home with no word as to her whereabouts. There had been a storm on the lakes, several vessels had been lost. Doubtless Gulnare had taken passage on board one of these and gone down in the storm. This was his final decision, and thoughts of the poor body, uncoffined, floating at the mercy of the waves, gave him more than one uncomfortable half hour.

Irl had been a most earnest devotee at one girl's shrine. He believed he loved Cherry, and surely she was much better suited to him than the mistress of the Dawn fortune. Love in a cottage appealed to him when looking into a pair of sweet violet eyes.

"I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time—as much as a week," suddenly spoke the boy, lifting and shipping his paddle, leaning toward his pretty companion.

"I am sure you might have told it sooner——"

"It's that I love you, Cherry!" he cried, suddenly snatching her hand and carrying it to her lips. And all this was revealed to the watcher at the attic window, all unbeknown to Wallace, however.

The girl sighed and did not offer to draw her hand away. He leaned still nearer and touched her cheek with his lips. The thrill that shot through two hearts told unmistakably that the affection was mutual.

"When shall it be, Cherry?" he asked with sparkling eyes after she had consented to consider herself engaged to him.

He was passing a pretty, plain gold band upon her finger when he asked this very pertinent question.

"I can't feel that there should be any haste," she said thoughtfully.

"Oh, no, of course not. Christmas may be soon enough, Cherry."

"Quite soon enough, Irl."

And so it was settled. Cherry held up her hand to admire the ring. It was chaste and pretty. She blushed as she gazed, then dropped and hid her hand in the folds of her dress.

They were as happy as children after that. At least they seemed to be, although the pearl-like face of Miss Winslow was quite serious most of the time till the village was reached on their return.

Irl talked with unusual volubility, something not quite common to a newly engaged lover. Fact was a Titian head and pair of brown eyes came suddenly between him and the blonde chit he had so suddenly taken to be his expectant bride. Irl was an impulsive youth. This trait in his character led him often into scrapes from which he sometimes had hard work to extricate himself.

It was the luncheon hour when at length the little cove where Irl kept his canoe appeared at hand.

"You will come up to lunch, Irl?" she asked.

"I think I shall have to ask you to excuse me, Cherry," half laughing. "You see, I am promised to a smoke and talk with my friend Scadds——"

"Oh, very well," with a droop of the head and a pretty pout.

"I shall be in evidence every day though, my precious, so you won't have a chance to get lonesome or mope. Maybe we will yet decide to get married before Christmas, that is such an age off you know."

Yes, she knew. And yet she feared it would come all too soon. Like all sensible young girls Cherry had had dreams of love, of a knight errant who should prove a veritable Prince Charming, and that dream had not been realized in the present bargain.

"It couldn't be different," she thought. "He loves me and I love him, so what's the use?"

And then the boat grated upon the pebbles of the cove.

Irl sprang out, lashed the painter to a stake and held out his hands for his Cherry. He clasped her slender waist and lifted her bodily from the canoe, holding her sweet young face up to his for a kiss ere he set her down on solid earth. Blushing rosy red, she pulled herself free and ran up the bank.

Irl followed with a springing step. He ran into the arms of a man—Sheriff Storms, who had apparently been waiting for the boat to land.

"Why, hello! Storms, what's wanting now?" cried astonished Irl Wallace.

"I have a warrant for you, Mr. Wallace," said the sheriff drily. "You will accompany me to the county jail!"

CHAPTER XI.

RECONCILIATION.

Irl Wallace had been arrested and jailed for the holdup of the stage and the shooting of the driver and one of the passengers, Gabriel Lickspur, who had been, however, slightly wounded.

This unexpected incident worried and nearly made Cherry ill.

Her engagement to the young accused was a secret between the two. When the girl, full of a feeling of Christian duty, talked to him of making known the fact of the engagement, Irl promptly vetoed the idea.

"There is no longer any engagement," said he. "Don't you think for a minute that I am mean to drag you down with me, Cherry," he said in a burst of righteous indignation. "I shall do nothing of the kind."

"But I don't wish to be free, Irl," protested the girl.

"You believe what I tell you, that I am innocent?" he said, glowing with admiration for his bird-like little love.

"Of course I do, Irl."

"You believe also that it is a conspiracy to ruin me?"

"If you say it is I must believe it, dear."

"I do say that. It is McForce at the bottom of my trouble."

"Please don't say that, Irl."

"What, and aren't you going to accept that theory which I am ready to swear is the correct one, Cherry?"

"No," with a smothered sob, "I don't, I can't believe anything so wicked of my neighbor, Irl. Please don't ask me to do that."

Of course the young man wondered at this, but did not urge his suspicions upon her. It mattered little what she believed so long as she was true to her plighted vows with him.

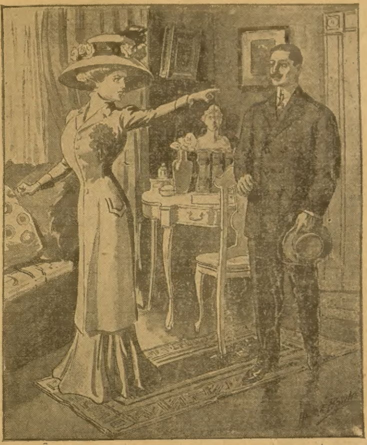
Irl had been held for trial to the next term of court without bail, so that it was his destiny to languish in jail till the date set for his hearing. The boy chafed, knowing his innocence. He was satisfied that McForce was at the bottom of his troubles; furthermore he firmly believed that the mine boss knew something about that stage holdup. Grant Stynch was undoubtedly the guilty party to the shooting.

It was humiliating besides being uncomfortable to lie in jail like a common felon when he was perfectly innocent.

A chain of circumstances had connived to work against the young prospector. He had been unable to account for his absense from his rooms till after midnight on the day of the holdup. The reader will remember that Irl had gone to the aid of an injured man, had carried him to a cabin in the hills, returning in the small hours of morning to his home.

It was easily proven that Irl was out that night. When he, however, hastened to assure the officials that he could prove an alibi, he found it very far from an easy thing to do. The cabin stood amid the hills but those sent by Irl to investigate found it tenantless.

Since Irl did not know the names of the



"I hate you, hate you!"

parties he knew not where to look to find their whereabouts.

Silene heard of the scandalous affair with varied felings.

"As I told ye, the outlaw was in our midst," declared Boody, chuckling.

"That isn't quite fair, Guardy," retorted Silene. "Nobody knows whether Irl—whether Mr. Wallace did this awful deed or not. I do not believe for a minute that he did."

"Ha, then you are going to defend the young scalawag! Silene, gal, I'm ashamed of ye!"

"He hasn't a friend in Tidewater, not one. Everybody has turned against him. That is an outrage!" exclaimed the slender beauty, with a toss of her head and a determined compression of the lips. "Although he is really nothing to me, yet he shan't be disgraced without some reason for it."

"Simply robbing a stage and murdering a man more or less isn't reason for his being jailed I suppose, Miss Haughty," jeered Boody.

The girl refused to argue with her uncle, but turned and rushed away to commune with her own thoughts.

There were tears in the girl's brown eyes when she at length drew on hat and gloves to go out. She had an objective point—the Tidewater jail.

Sheriff Storms was somewhat surprised to meet her at the door.

"Yes, you can see the prisoner," he said in reply to a query from the haughty beauty of Thunder Lake, "but I advise ye not to give him any false hopes, Miss Dawn."

To this she deigned no reply.

Irl was not expecting company. When the door clanged to on the stately Miss Dawn the pale-faced prisoner stood staring as if doubting his senses. It was nothing strange that Cherry came frequently. She had a duty to perform which made of her a very determined little pilgrim.

"Silene!" exclaimed the boy, unable to go any further.

She threw back her veil, held out her hand and said:

"I am sorry to see you here, Irl."

"I had not expected you would care to come here," returned the youth with twitching lips and a peculiar tugging at his heart.

"You thought I had forgotten?"

"The glorious times when I was welcome at your home? Yes, I imagined you had quite forgotten that, Silene Dawn."

She walked to the barred window, drawing off her gloves. Somehow it touched her heart to see him looking so pale and disturbed. The thump of her heart almost frightened her.

"It is not easy to forget," she said at length. "I do not understand how it comes that this—this terrible thing has happened you?"

"It is quite plain to me."

"You do not mean——"

"That I am guilty? Never that, Silene. I know you do not believe it else you would never have come. Won't you please sit down?"

He pointed with a grim smile at the one stool the cell afforded.

She did not speak, apparently struggling with her emotions. She still faced the window, looking steadily into space. She was not as strong as she thought; she was almost regretting her visit.

"It was awfully good of you to come, Silene. I was not expecting you."

"No?"

"The people—what do they say?"

"I have heard so much both pro and con it is hard to sift it all," was her evasive reply. He understood, however. There had been one to weave the web of distrust all these days. Our boy prospector clinched his teeth and felt hatred towards that man of the Lickspur Mine.

To see her there, standing in that attitude of self pity, her regal head bowed, her little hands clasped as if in prayer. Ah' how it turned his thoughts back to other days! It was this torturing memory that gripped his heart and held him speechless for a full five minutes. He was angry, chagrined and wrathful in one direction, in another quite the reverse.

"Silene, speak to me," he cried at length, going to her, seizing one of her hands in both of his, carrying it to his lips. "Don't you know that your visit today has renewed my faith in human nature, woman nature at least?"

"Had you then lost hope?"

She turned and faced him now, a faint smile just touching her full red lips. She never looked quite so beautiful as at that moment. He was glad, thrilled, completely carried off his feet by her kindness. It was so unexpected, and undeserved. Yes, he was ready to admit this last.

"I never lose hope," he finally articulated. "Conscious of being entirely innocent, I shall die facing the mob courageously."

"Do not speak of dying!" she exclaimed, allowing him to hold her hand. "There could be no such alternative in any event."

"It would be preferable to a lifetime in prison."

"But they do not send innocent men to prison."

"Am I not in prison—a common jail? he asked, an indignant red burning in his cheek.

"Yes, for a short time only. You shall be free if it takes half my fortune!"

"Oh, Silene!"

"I mean it, Irl. Do you know, I have felt so bad since this happened," and her face fell against his shoulder, her sobs quite of a startling nature. He was touched. He folded her to his heart and soothed her with reassuring words.

"I feel as though I were in a measure to blame for it all," she said when her emotions were sufficiently mastered to permit her to speak. "I have not dealt kindly with you, poor boy!"

Poor boy! Irl started and pushed her from him. He was still a boy, a reckless, silly boy to her. That was enough, he would not stand for anything like that, even in his present plight. She clung to him, however, the force of pent up emotion quite submerging the slender form.

"My goodness!" he ejaculated, "you are piling it on pretty thick, Miss Dawn. I can hoe my own row without your aid. I won't have it, you know."

He spoke more harshly than he thought.

"Oh, Irl!"

"I am man enough to take my medicine without a woman whimpering over me," he continued in his aroused anger. "I may be a boy——"

"Forgive me, Irl, I meant no offense. To me you are the only man in the world. I am sorry for the ill manner in which I treated you a while ago. Do you know that I have learned something since we last met?"

"I should hope so," he interjected, pushing her still farther away.

"I have been an ugly girl, Irl."

"No doubt of it."

"And I ask your forgiveness."

"Oh, no, that isn't at all necessary."

"I insist that it is. I want you to let me help you out of your present troubles. You will do it won't you, Irl dear?"

Her chin was up now, a pathetic quiver to her lip, a sad entreaty in those brown eyes. What a coming down it was for her! The youth was actually quite benumbed with amazement. He had sworn never to speak with her again. It was not his fault that he had broken that oath. And now, she was actually asking to be reinstated in his good graces once more. Where, oh, where had this proud scion of a proud race stowed her pride to thus demean herself to a mere boy?

"I see that you are relenting, Irl."

He opened his arms with a glad word. She fell upon his breast and sobbed out her petty troubles upon his bosom.

"It's all settled now, Silene," he said, kissing her for the dozenth time. "You and I won't ever be separated for long again will we?"

"No, never. I'll employ the biggest lawyer in America and you shall soon be free, dear, dear Irl."

Yes, indeed!

There was a rattle at the door. Time was up and she must tear herself away. The young prisoner stood quite on tiptoe as she passed from him, waving a tender adieu from the tips of her dainty fingers.

The jail door had no solemn sound as it clanged to that glorious afternoon of her visit. The old relations had been renewed, the rivalry and friendliness of Eldow McForce no longer having any power for harm.

And it was in this elysium of delight that the boy reveled when he took a tumble to himself and returned to recent events—in his mind.

"My heavens! what have I done?"

What had he not done? Repledged himself to the old love when the new was scarcely cold in its binding. Of Cherry he thought for the first time. He did not want to be a villain. What should he do?

CHAPTER XII.

HIS PLANS BALKED.

The tall woman in gray lifted her head as a sharp step sounded along the hall. She had come over to the Boody House on an errand and had stopped longer than she meant. Now some one was seeking her.

The door swung open unceremoniously and he stood on the threshold, the man she had most dreaded to see since her interview with Irl Wallace at the jail on the previous day.

"Ah, it is here I find you, Silene."

The speaker stood squarely facing her, his tall figure straight as an arrow, his green-gray eyes full of unreadable light.

"Well, you seem to have found me. What do you want?" spoke the girl in a petulant tone. Her thoughts had been with the man in prison, she did not relish this untoward interruption. He smiled and patted one palm against the other.

"We are going to Chicago," he said, "and there is no time to lose."

"We?"

She lifted her head, tossed the tawny waves of Titian hair back with a touch of deft finger. Her eyes questioned him in half angry defiance.

"Yes, we. That is, unless you refuse to accompany me."

"I think I shall do that very thing, Mr. McForce."

"You seem to be in ill humor, Silene. What is it about?"

"About many things that do not concern you."

She rose wearily and yawned as much as to say, "I am bored." He refused to take a hint, however.

"I thought you were interested in Irl Wallace?" he said suddenly.

She started and flushed to her temples.

"What put that idea into your head, Eldow?"

Although she strove to appear indifferent his keen vision told him the truth. He was plainly annoyed. Time was short and he could not wait to play at the game of banter.

"I am going to Chicago," amended he. "I remembered our last conversation about Mr. Wallace's unfortunate plight. Wishing to do the fair thing by one whom I may have unconsciously wronged, I decided to seek aid from Fernald Wiseax, the greatest criminal attorney in the West. If there is open a single loophole for Wallace he can find and employ it. I thought perhaps you might be glad of a chance to keep me company. Of course——"

"And it is to see this lawyer you are going?"

"Such is the substance of my errand."

"You might telephone."

"I might—yes."

His keen, curious gaze sought to read her face. She seemed indifferent, yet he was plainly dissatisfied.

"Fact is," he went on after a moment, "I have done that very thing. Wiseax is out of the city, but will return tomorrow. I might wait till then to be sure. Would you advise it, Silene? You know what may take place. Other work may call him away again, or——"

"You are right, it is better to see him in person," broke forth the girl, unbending from her superior mood. He smiled, showing how strong and even were his perfect teeth.

"I thought you would agree with me," he said. "I will go immediately——"

"Stay," as he was about to pass out of the room.

She ran to his side and locked her perfect fingers over his thin shoulder, looking up wistfully into his face.

"I will go with you, Eldow."

"I thought you would."

He made an attempt to kiss her forehead.

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30c for 4-oz. bottle, full measure, M. W. & Co.'s Pure Vanilla Extract. Lot A 1006.

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but she stepped quickly aside and busied herself with some small duty that his entrance had interrupted.

The man went out and soon after Silene Dawn followed in his steps.

It was quite necessary that something be done in Wallace's behalf. Silene was intensely interested. Her love for the boy had never waned, although she had tried most earnestly to root the passion from her heart. Nobody approved her choice, not even herself. Try as she would, however, there was no reconstructing her feelings, and now she permitted herself to drift with the tide.

Early that evening the two took the south-bound train headed for the Windy City. Silene tossed in her berth all night, sleeping very little. It was late in the forenoon ere they were enabled to find Lawyer Wiseax. He proved to be a sharp, up-to-date chap, with a keen eye and evident understanding of his profession.

"I think I can go; yes, I am sure I can, providing——"

"Well?" demanded the mine superintendent.

"You pay my price."

"I expect to do that, of course. What will it be?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"A rather steep sum."

"Yes, but——"

"Consider yourself engaged," broke in McForce instantly.

"But, Eldow," remonstrated the girl, when they were once more on the street, "where is the money coming from?"

"I shall see to that, my dear," returned he, much to his companion's surprise. He had never been quite friendly toward Wallace; she knew there was a mutual dislike between the two men. Now why this sudden change on the part of the mine boss?

At the hotel McForce left her and went about some private business. He was with her at the luncheon hour, however, and in the afternoon showed her about the city. Chicago was a strange world to Miss Dawn. All her relatives came from the East. She had twice visited at Detroit, and once in Boston. Chicago rather confused than amused her.

The parks were cool and pleasant, and on the shore of Lake Michigan she basked in the light of a breeze-tempered sun, enjoying herself immensely. Eldow was very kind. She was forgetting herself in this new enjoyment of an outing that had come so unexpectedly.

At four the manager of Lickspur hailed a taxicab and when seated beside Silene gave a low order.

It was very pleasant, very comforting, this ride about the fashionable portions of the city, and Silene enjoyed it to the limit. After all this came the astounding part.

"We may not return to the copper hills for a fortnight," he said in reply to a question from his companion.

"You mean that you may not?" quickly corrected Silene.

"Oh, as to that, I rather imagine you will not return without me," and he laughed in a puzzling manner.

When they halted before a rather imposing dwelling and her companion lifted her out, the girl felt quite unlike herself. The whole outing had been strangely dreamlike, and she was wondering what was to come next on the program.

McForce paid and dismissed the chauffeur, then ushered his companion into the parlor of the dwelling, a smart maid waiting on them with a half curious, half amused smile.

"Mr. Parson——"

"Oh, yes, he will be ready in a very few minutes," said the maid.

And then, as the door closed behind the girl, Silene faced her companion with white face and eager, questioning eyes.

"It's all right, my dear," said he, forcing a laugh. "An unexpected treat you know. I delight in doing things different from other people."

"But why all this mystery?"

"It suits me to have it so."

"And it suits me to have it otherwise, Eldow," she said with quick asperity. "I have been riding about in strange places long enough. Tell me at once what it means."

"Oh, as to that, I haven't the least objection to telling you, Silene," he said, tapping the window pane with his knuckles. "Seeing that we were in Chicago together, that we are engaged, the time is propitious for a clinching of that engagement. In other words, I mean to make you my wife, Silene, within the hour."

She faced him with flushing face and angry, blazing eyes.

"And do you think for a moment that I will consent to such foolishness?" she demanded with all the hauteur of manner she could command. "Eldow, this is an insult to me."

"An insult?"

The surprised expression of his face was genuine.

"How can it be anything else? Take me at once to the station. I am going home."

"Oh, Lord, I hope——"

"Do you hear me, sir," with a stamp of her slender foot.

"You certainly speak loud enough to raise the dead, Silene."

"I hope I have made you understand."

"I think you have," admitted he in a very meek way. "Don't be angry with me, little girl. I meant it for the best. I hear steps; the preacher is coming now. Do reconsider your determination, Silene——"

"I will not."

"But our engagement meant marriage sometime, why not now?"

"Because—because—be—well, I won't have it so, that's why. You have acted in a cowardly manner, most insulting, mean, everything I hate in a man. Our engagement might have meant marriage once, it doesn't now."

She pulled a glittering hoop of gold and diamonds from her finger and flung it at his feet. Her red lip quivered and tears of righteous wrath trembled in her eyes.

"Great Caesar!" he groaned, "I have put both feet in it now." Instead of picking up her rejected ring he ground it under his heel. "I am disappointed in you, Silene. I thought you loved me——"

"I hate you, hate you!" she spat at him with rising wrath.

"But, my dear!"

"I am not your dear; I never was; you are a mean coward. Take me to the station at once before I scream out your villainy to everybody."

The door opened then and the parson entered.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Baby's Arrival.

Although the practice of making announcements of births is not as common in this country as in the old world, yet the practice is growing in the United States, and one now sees in the public prints numerous announcements of the kind. In view of the American tendency to be facetious in such matters it is not surprising that on such occasions these announcements should sometimes tage a humorous turn. For example, a Western named Cash published an announcement in the papers advising his friends that "he had been presented by his better half with a little Cash."

It was in Indiana that an eccentric poultry dealer named Fox combined a birth announcement with an advertisement of his wares. He inserted in the local newspapers a notice to the effect that "Another little Fox had found its way into my establishment between 10 and 11 last night, but nothwithstanding its arrival there will be no diminution in the number or quality of geese for which my establishment has long been famous. Remember that the old Fox is always cunning in securing for business the plumpest geese."

There is a history attached to the novel in the birth announcements of the old world. What could be more modern than the following notice of the birth of a little Prussian: "Since this morning I am here; the painter Nagurski, of Ohra, is my papa, and I am Catherina."

There is a history attached to the novel announcement that emanated from Issyles-Moulineaux, near Paris:

M. and Mme. Davert have pleasure in announcing the birth of the famous Admiral Lucien Ernest, their son. Mother, child and father doing well."

It must have been most gratifying to the public and to M. Davert's friends to learn that he was "doing well." That gentleman, it seems, had had his fortune told at the Paris exposition some time before. The soothsayer had predicted that he would be married within the year, that he would become a father within the same period, and that his boy would one day become a famous admiral.

A distinctly original touch was given the announcement sent out by a well-known musician in Berlin when his wife presented him with a son and heir. This—the announcement, not the infant—took the shape of four bars of music inscribed on a card. The proud parents' musical friends at once recognized that they were from the "Messiah," and that the words fitting them were: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

AUNT LYDIA'S WHIM.

Miss Lydia Dean crunched down the path toward the wistaria arbor, planting her cane deep in the gravel with every step, resolution in every line of her tall, gaunt form, and a queer smile hovering about her lips.

At the entrance to the arbor she paused and looked at her great-niece sitting in the checkered sunlight, purple blooms sprinkled on her golden hair and over her soft white gown.

Anne looked up with a welcoming smile and laid aside her embroidery.

"Sit here in the hickory chair, Aunt Lydia; I am so glad you felt able to come out in the garden this morning, there—I shall sit beside you! How is the horrid rheumatism?"

"Better—much better," croaked Miss Lydia, arranging her black silk skirts with careful precision. She patted the lace cap on her white head and then turned sharp, spectacled eyes upon her niece.

"I'm expecting company today, Anne," she announced.

"Company, Aunt Lydia? Who can it be? You—you are not expecting any of the Howards?"

"I am," said Miss Lydia, defiantly. "One of the Howards—but you needn't see him. In fact, I don't want you to meet him!"

"Him?" echoed Anne faintly.

"Why not him?" mimicked Miss Lydia with sudden fierceness. "I've got a great-nephew as well as a niece, miss! And I think quite as much of him!" The cap ribbons fluttered violently.

"I don't doubt that, Aunt Lydia, but you know very well that father and Sylvester Howard had a bitter quarrel and they never made it up afterward. I don't wish to met any of them. I think I'd better go home—I've overstaid my visit, anyway." A pink flush was deepening in Anne's smooth cheek.

"You'll stay right here, miss!" snapped Miss Lydia. "If you want to carry on your father's quarrel, very well; I admit that my step-nephew Sylvester treated your father shamefully; but Sylvester and his wife are dead these ten years past and so is your father. If you and Stephen Howard want to carry on the war—I don't care, only I shan't be disturbed!"

"I don't wish to meet Stephen Howard, Aunt Lydia," said Anne firmly.

"And I don't want you to meet each other. You can have the run of the south wing of the house and Stephen will stay in the north. You keep to the rose garden and the south lawn and Stephen can stay on the other side of the hedge. If either one of you so much as speak to the other I'll cut you both off and leave every cent I've got to the Homeless Cat Society!"

"I'm sure that's a lovely plan, Aunt Lydia, and may I have my meals sent up to my room?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"You know I've been here four weeks, auntie, and the young man ought to have a chance to enjoy his visit. When is he coming?"

"He's coming now, I believe," exclaimed Miss Lydia, rising stiffly, and hobbling to the door. "I heard a carriage drive up—yes, it's the station carryall. My dear—just attend to your embroidery and remember what I said about speaking to Stephen. I won't have it!"

"I don't wish to!" retorted Anne hastily. Miss Lydia flung a wicked look over her square shoulders as she crunched up the path to the carriage drive.

Anne, setting stitches with trembling fingers, heard a deep musical voice shout a word of greeting, but her pride would not permit her to peer through the vine leaves to look at the step-cousin whom she had never seen.

It was rather a queer day after that. Susan brought her luncheon out to the arbor and Anne quite enjoyed eating it there. Afterward she reached her room through a side door and staircase and that evening dinner was sent up to her with Aunt Lydia's love.

She could hear the distant murmur of a man's voice all the evening, and then, just before bedtime, some one—of course, not Aunt Lydia—played upon the violin! Anne, the music-lover, set her door ajar and listened to the exquisite strains that floated up from the parlor, and barely closed it creakingly when Aunt Lydia's thumping footsteps sounded on the stairs.

The old lady put her head into Anne's room and found the girl tucked under the covers, the moonlight streaming in from the open windows.

"Asleep, Anne Deane?" she asked softly.

"No, Aunt Lydia, come and kiss me good night," said Anne sitting up in bed.

Miss Lydia planted a dry kiss on Anne's cheek and left behind the echo of a little chuckling laugh.

"Good night, my dear I hope my objectionable guest has not annoyed you by intruding on your domain?"

"No, dear Aunt Lydia," said Anne, with equal sweetness. "I've had a charming time!"

The next morning Anne spent a lonely day in the rose garden. Over the high hedge she caught an occasional glimpse of Aunt Lydia's guest and a vague regret filled her heart that their fathers had seen fit to quarrel. He did look so big and handsome and companionable—and Anne had never had a cousin or a brother or a sister! After all, he was only her cousin by marriage, so she didn't really have a cousin.

She saw him glancing curiously at her from his seat under the cedars on the lawn, and hid herself in the wistaria arbor with flushed cheeks and little angry sparks in her blue eyes.

They saw each other every day; Stephen Howard took to walking near the hedge and once after Anne had taken her pretty nose from the fragrant heart of a red rose, he leaned boldly over the hedge and plucked the rose and stuck it in the lapel of his coat.

Anne saw all this from her retreat in the arbor, and the angry sparkles in her eyes changed to something else. Miss Lydia saw it, too, from the sitting-room window, and gave vent to such strange gurglings that Susan flew, alarmed, to the arbor and summoned Anne to the house.

"She's in a fit of some sort, Miss," breathed Susan heavily, as she tried in vain to keep pace with Anne's flying feet.

Stephen saw that something was amiss and he, too, hastened to the house, meeting Anne and Susan face to face in the sitting-room.

Miss Lydia was sitting stiffly erect glaring at them through her great spectacles. "What is the matter?" she demanded sharply. "Why are you here, Anne—Stephen?"

"Susan said you were ill, Aunt Lydia," faltered Anne avoiding the merry gray eyes of her hated cousin.

"Susan is a fool," announced Miss Lydia; and with this imperious decree impressed upon them, the three scattered—Anne to her rose garden, Stephen to his seat under the cedars, and Susan in high dudgeon to the kitchen, where she confided to the cook that, "Miss Lydia was losing her mind it was plain to be seen—the way she's kept them two young people apart!"

After that, when Stephen Howard played the violin in the evenings he played to Anne; and Anne knew it.

As the June days fled swiftly, Anne forgot all about the feud that had existed between her father and Stephen's parent—and she saw nothing save a pair of gray eyes, grave, tender and often merry, as they met her own shy glances.

Then, one evening, Anne lingered among the roses; the moon was full and the whole garden was heavy with the scent of the velvet blooms. In the sitting-room Stephen was playing in the dusk to Miss Lydia.

At last he played the air to a song that he had whistled much of late when Anne had been in the garden: "Thine Eyes So Blue and Tender." Anne listened, sitting on a low, rustic bench, her face buried in a cluster of blush roses.

She did not know when the music stopped, for her heart was full of the sweetest song of all. Somebody sat down beside her, and Stephen's hand drew the roses away from her face.

"Anne—little cousin Anne—" he began softly. "I am going to defy AuntLydia and speak to you—shall I?"

"Yes," whispered Anne in a very small voice. What Stephen told Anne was heard only by the roses and witnessed by a yellow moon.

After a while they went hand in hand and confronted Miss Lydia in the sitting-room. Miss Lydia was reading under a green-shaded lamp. She looked up and stared at them. "What's all this?" she demanded coldly.

Stephen put his arm around Anne. "Aunt Lydia," he said, firmly, "Anne and I love each other—and we want to get married!"

"Married!" exploded Miss Lydia. "I thought there was a feud—Anne wanted to go home when she heard you were coming and you didn't want to stay when you heard she was here. What about the family quarrel?"

"We—we buried it in the rose garden," said Anne, softly. "Dear Aunt Lydia, I wish you didn't object!"

Miss Lydia's face quivered. "Object!" she quavered. "My dears, it came just as I planned. It's the dearest wish of my heart to see the family reunited by your marriage!"

"But I would surely have fallen in love with Anne, quarrel or no quarrel," asserted Stephen, when they had been duly kissed by Miss Lydia.

"That may be—that may be," said the old lady wisely; "it may have been a whim on my part to have it happen this way——"

"Happen!" they exclaimed in duet. "It didn't happen, Aunt Lydia! It just had to be!"

Smallest Dolls.

The smallest dolls in the world are made by Isabel Belauzaran, a Mexican Indian girl of such skill that she is known as the "Queen of the Needle." The tiny manikins are barely three-fourths of an inch long, but are perfect in all details.

She first makes a diminutive framework of wire. This she winds with fine silk thread until she has secured the proper figure. The clothes are then cut according to the character of the doll and fitted carefully to it.

With a needle that can scarcely be held in the fingers and whose eye is almost invisible, various designs are actually embroidered on the clothes with the finest of silk threads. So cleverly are they executed that even through a powerful magnifying glass the details appear to be perfect, yet the entire work is done without the aid of an enlarging device of any kind.

After the dressing had been completed it is necessary to add the hair. What is undoubtedly an example of the tiniest hair dressing on earth is then performed on each doll. Even to the details of the braids and ribbons, the work is most completely carried out. The eyes, nose, mouth hands and feet are then formed.

They are sold for the ridiculously low sum of 25 cents in gold. It takes two hours of painstaking work to make one of the simplest of these little dolls. Many of them are provided with tiny baskets of flowers, fancy sombreros, water jars and other paraphernalia. The little baskets are made of fine hair by the Indians of Guanajuato.

The little pieces of pottery are made of clay in exact imitation of the practical sizes. All these accessories are sewed to the dolls.

Miniature roses are actually embroidered in the dresses of the dancing girls and ornaments are arranged in their hair. Wreaths of flowers are hung about the shoulders and the arms are formed in graceful and lifelike attitudes of dancing. The matador is complete in every particular, his costume being gayly decorated in many colors, the hair dressed in true Spanish fashion, including the conventional queue.

The first dolls of this kind were made eight years ago, since which time specimens have found their way into the possessions of almost every royal family in the world as well as into many private collections.

It Was Excusable.

"That druggist acted grouchy when you interrupted his compounding to buy a stamp."

"What of it?"

"A business man should always smile."

"Oh, I don't know. You can't expect a man to be a hypocrite for the sake of a 2-cent sale."

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Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
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Sailing With Columbus;

Or, THE PERILS OF FAR SEAS

By William H. Manning.

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Begun in No. 33, Aug. 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.
MYSTERY AND DANGER.

THE sailor's words were those of a man minus courage, but Don Leon was not cast in the same mold. Agreeing with Ruy Paulo that the pirates were doubtless back, his spirit rose in defiance. As Ruy started away, clearly bound for a hiding-place, the younger man laid hold of his arm.

"Weapons!" he exclaimed. "Is there nothing with which we can fight them? Belaying-pins are crude arms. Is there no cutlass or pistol hereabouts? Weapons, I say, weapons!"

"Saint Teresa be with us, I know not how that is, but if we get to the ballast in the hold we can burrow in the shingle. The bear has his den, and he knows when to fight and when burrow. His courage is my example. With me, comrade, this way!"

Ruy tried to go, and his legs wobbled limply as he strove, but Leon held him fast. Then the latter's roving gaze alighted on a cutlass hanging on the wall and he plucked it away.

"Mariner!" he cried, "put your cowardice under lock and key. We must fight, and try to keep the freebooters from this ship. To the deck, man, and there you may find a weapon. Bear me company!"

He dragged the sailor to the foot of the companionway, but there Ruy wrenched himself loose and started to flee. Leon let him go, and himself mounted the steps alone. Well aware that he was doing a mad thing he was, nevertheless, bent upon it. His head rose higher and he had the deck under view. The single lantern burned feebly, yet it was strange that no man was revealed by its light. Solitude was there, and no sound until, once more, a gentle shock outbound recalled what had first been heard.

A new theory occurred to Leon. If men were there in a boat they would fend off, and not permit their craft to bump against the ship. Catching up the lantern he went to the bulwark and boldly hung the light over. He saw no floating tree, as he had lately thought probable, and neither did he see bloodthirsty pirates.

A boat was chafing against the hull, but it was untenanted.

Here was what looked like good fortune, and he determined to secure the little egg-shell. Quickly making a line fast above he flung its farther end into the boat and clambered down. The painter was outstretched along the thwarts, but he added the other rope and made all secure, leaving enough slack to permit the lesser craft to drift astern like a tow. This done he regained the deck and went to hunt Ruy Paulo up.

The sailor had carried out his idea and hidden closely, but when he learned the latest news he came out of his lair with a downcast expression on his mahogany face. Leon told what he had found.

"Did you lose one of your boats?" he asked.

"I dare say we did, though I don't know. Anyhow, a boat is a fine thing to have—better than Basselo's pirates."

"We will keep it, unless it is stove in with pounding. Now, then, shipmate, let's to work. We must get the pumps going, and try to free the ship. By the way, what is the name of this vessel?"

"'Tis the Little Senorita."

"Very well! We want the Little Senorita under sail before midday, so let's lower the well before the night goes."

They went on deck and manned the pumps. They proved to be in good condition, and brought up a pair of liquid streams that gushed spattering across the deck and thence out of the scupper-holes. Until the end of the night they toiled, after which, with the fog rising and the gray of day stealing on its heels, they again sounded the well. Only six inches of water was made, and as the pumps sucked at five it was cheering news. Ruy Paulo went to the leak again and announced that he could soon stop it, so they cooked and ate breakfast in lighter spirits.

When this was done Leon bethought himself of the boat once more. It was trailing astern, but near enough so it was plainly visible from stem to stern in the bright light.

"A neat little craft!" commented Ruy approvingly.

"We can surely make use of it, comrade," replied Leon.

"Ay, senor. Now that I think of it, 'tis wondrous strange it should have drifted here—simply a miracle, for we are in the far seas. Much I wonder why it is here, and—ah! the name is on it, plain as a thwart. Oh! it is the—"

"The Pinta!" cried Leon, suddenly excited.

"Even so. That tells nothing to me, though you call out as if nothing new is in it. Hast seen a ship of that name?"

Leon was silent, but his gaze fixed upon the boat with dismay in expression and heart. More experienced mariners than he had given him words of good cheer when the Pinta was lost from Admiral Columbus's fleet, assuring him that when the fog dissipated the caravel would be sighted without trouble. He had tried to believe it, and to be firm of hope, but he had a fresh shock now. Beyond doubt the Pinta had carried this cockle-shell slung from her davits, and that was gone. It had been afloat, and that was startling in itself.

A boat gone adrift implied a ship in distress. And Inez had been in the Pinta when she vanished.

Ruy Paulo talked on and asked questions that were not answered, but Leon was anxious to inspect the derelict more closely. Hauling in on the line they brought it under the larboard counter and the young man dropped within it. He found an empty craft. Not even an oar—nothing but the straying painter—was to be found. However, the clean planks, unspotted by blood-stains, gave a measure of comfort. A tragedy might have occurred, but it was not mutely told there.

Returning to the deck Leon meditated upon the singular chances of the sea. The disappearance of the Pinta, his own going overboard, his rare good luck in coming upon the Little Senorita, and now the drifting to the same spot of the boat. Surely it was little less than miraculous.

"Providence was with me when I was flung into the sea," mused the young man, "but has that high power been equally kind to the lost caravel? Where is the Pinta?"

Ruy Paulo began to babble at his elbow.

"Much I hope that we shall see the Count of Naratava alive once more," he said. "He was a most excellent man. Five summers I have sailed with him, and I know his kind ways. A rare man, albeit not so even-tempered on this voyage as common. Garcia Paslelva, boatswain of the Little Senorita, told me Naratava was wroth against some of his lesser nobles, and especially one Don Enrique de Zarate. This man, it seems, had conspired against the good Count, and though Naratava had been patient with him because Don Enrique had a daughter of rare loveliness—her name is Inez—his forbearance finally fled and he had vowed before Saint Agatha that he would hang Don Enrique."

Leon had turned and, looking squarely into Ruy's face, was keenly interested in this explanation.

"A daughter Inez, say you?"

"Ay, sir."

"This Enrique de Zarate—was he ever called anything else?"

"Not that I know of, comrade."

Leon meditated anew. Once, after the man who gave the name of Don Rafelo Blyde came to Columbus's ship, the young man had heard Francesca address him as Don Enrique, and had seen that Blyde started oddly and spoke angrily in secret words. And Don Rafelo had a daughter Inez.

"It was that same Don Enrique that took us and the Little Senorita into these seas," pursued Ruy. "When we were at the Canaries Naratava learned that Don Enrique was there, and he essayed to catch him, but failed. It was said that the man and his Inez and a servant had taken to the ocean in a small boat with a stout seaman named Gil Yanez as sole crew. Then Naratava sailed after that boat, but found it not. Nay, it was Basselo the pirate he found, and you know the mischief that came of it."

"This Don Enrique was a political conspirator, was he?"

"Ay, so 'twas said."

"But not a malefactor?"

"Nay, nay, the man has the best of reputations, and fine old Castilian blood, but politics—why, 'tis a disease that eats up virtue and honor. I have ever flouted politics. If I had the power to vote I would cast my ballot for the man who would pay me highest, and so keep my honor stainless."

"Senorita Inez!" murmured Leon.

"Why!" quoth Ruy, "the name does stick in your mind like a barnacle to a ship at sea. I once knew a man who fell in love with the shadow of a maid as he saw it on the wall of her lighted room, it was so graceful; but a name is less than a shadow——"

"To work, shipmate! Let's have at the pumps for an hour, and then you shall wrestle with the leak. To work!"

They set to, and with such good luck that, when the clanking had gone on an hour, the pumps sucked and they had the ship as free as they could make her. Next they attacked the leak, and Ruy filled it with oakum and payed the seam with hot pitch until he averred it would stand all ordinary stress of weather.

Latterly, Leon had been busy with the ship's nautical instruments, and at noon he took the sun and made out their position. When this was done and the results entered in the log-book the small crew undertook to get way upon her. She was lateen-rigged, and Leon knew little of that cut of canvas, but Ruy was at home and they managed to loosen what he said was necessary and make all shipshape. The next problem was to get her under steerageway, and here both were experienced.

The Little Senorita filled and presently, with Ruy steering, they were off on the course Leon had laid. And this course was one he hoped would bring them again in sight of the admiral's fleet. Whether or not this happened, their bows pointed into the unknown seas, and they were off on their venture.

The wind was fair and the sea barely rippled before the breeze, while the vessel showed good qualities, slipping quietly and swiftly away, leaving a white path aback her stern. All was favorable, but Leon was in no mood to laugh or exult. All outside troubles aside, he knew it was no safe thing for two men to push onward in this fashion. Granted that no hostile vessel was sighted, and that the terrors with which popular fancy had invested the unexplored seas proved groundless, so small a crew was unfit for handling the craft in a severe gale or squall.

Hours passed and they held to their course, the ship behaving finely. Ruy had said that she was good for nine knots, and as Leon watched the slipping waters he was ready to believe it. Despite this, neither man was light of heart. Ruy seemed to have forgotten superstitious fears for the time, but he eyed the sky persistently and, being questioned, explained why.

"I like not the look of it!" he said bluntly.

"In plain words you fear a squall?"

"Ay, shipmate. Note you the streaks of gray at the nor'rard? Do they look like fair weather clouds or not?"

"I have seen such a sky before a squall."

"You say wisely, senor. At this moment I would rather have a crew of twelve men than but two. It behooves us to watch sharply, being ready to reduce sail if matters grow worse. If need be that we strip our yards to save our masts, why 'tis best to lie-to. At scudding this ship is a poor creature, oft taking in waves over her stern, but with a close-reefed fore-sail she will lie-to as handsomely as anything I ever saw of her class. We will watch those clouds—"

"Stay, Ruy! Rather look southward. A sail, a sail! Even so, and not three miles away. We should have used our eyes better. What make you of her? We should have used our eyes better. What make you of her? She is not one of Columbus's caravels—"

"Mother of the saints! I know that ship! —'tis Basselo, the pirate!"

CHAPTER XI.
FIGHTING THE GALE.

Ruy Paulo clutched at the bulwark rail nervously and his bronzed face lost color, but Leon gave no sign of agitation after a slight start.

"Basselo the pirate!" he repeated. "Are you sure, quite sure?

"Look at the style of her!" replied the mariner. "This ship is sharp fore and aft, built for racing, but Basselo's ship is sharper and faster. Why, her name is the Black Sword, which tells something of her lines. That is Basselo!"

Leon would have disputed this assertion if he could with logic, but he could not blind himself to the fact that, in a sea where no unknown vessel was likely to be, Ruy was doubtless correct.

"She is heading direct for us."

"Ay! Basselo has not forgotten his word that he would come back, and yonder he is. Pray, where did you place that cutlass?"

"It is somewhere yonder, but we need not arm ourselves yet. Our first device is to pack our yards further and try our heels with the Black Sword."

"I want the cutlass for another purpose. I will never fall into the hands of those dreadful men alive, and as I suspect they will hang to this ship once they have it again, why, there's but one thing to do. I will fall on the cutlass and kill myself."

"Kill yourself?"

"Ay!" phlegmatically returned the sailor.

"Are you mad?"

"Basselo shall not yard-arm me, nor make me walk the plank. No, nor shall he torture me as he is wont to do other helpless men. The cutlass!"

He began moving, looking for the weapon, but Leon caught at his arm.

"Nay, nay, shipmate! Lose not your nerve thus. If the worst comes and it be either death or capture, why, I'll not deny you a painless end to life, but the time has not yet come for that. Be it our plan to run while we can and trust to good luck. I have ever been sweeping the far western horizon for signs of Columbus's fleet, and there yet remains hope. Hearten up, man, and aid me. Give no thought to despair."

"The cutlass does stand my best friend," persisted Ruy doggedly.

Leon would not have it so, and he argued stoutly, and finally with success. The mariner agreed to live while he could do work, and in this resolution he had aid from his desperate alternative. Instead of falling into his former abject cowardice, he was sustained by his plan of self-destruction.

Meanwhile the other sail was drawing near, so Leon put the head of the Little Senorita off a few points. This done the the wheel was lashed stiffly enough to prevent yawing, and the men went aloft and shook out additional canvas. Ruy was very cool during this work, buoyed up by his designs, but his companion watched the sky closely.

"The clouds are no longer gray," he finally said.

"It is so. Those tails of gray are now a bank, and growing black. There is wind back of them, but methinks it will be a gale, rather than a squall. In neither case can we have spread quickly enough to save our masts. Wait until the wind strikes and you will see our big sticks buckle and go by the board smartly."

"No more of gloomy predictions. Let's make a brave fight of it, Ruy Paulo! Stiffen your heart, messmate!"

"It shall be so. Near death comforts me amazingly, and I feel my blood ferment with heroism. I was ever a brave man, but now I am iron. You shall see."

They descended to the deck.

"Are you cunning at writing?" asked the mariner.

"All this was taught me. But why do you ask?"

"If material be found I would make my will and seal it in a bottle, hoping the saints would send it drifting back to Palos. I have a wife and three small children, and I would have my wishes known. When I die my wife will marry a worse man within the month, and betwixt them they will wrong my children. I know the world. I would fain make my will."

Leon combated this new crotchet, finally turning Ruy's thoughts from it, and interesting him in the chase. For now the Black Sword had swung her bows around until they again pointed at the Little Senorita, leaving no doubt as to her purpose. She was sailing the same course as her rival, and when the glass was used it was to be seen that her decks were dark with massed men. Worse yet, the muzzles of divers big guns were visible, and so means of blowing the chase into pieces.

Ruy had gone back to the wheel and was steering with the same dogged calm lately come upon him, but Leon had other duties. Stubbornly resolved to fight to the last, he made search for weapons. Basselo had nearly gutted the ship of such treasures already, but not wholly. In nooks and corners things were found—three cutlasses, a half-dozen pikes, a single pistol and various knives. These he arranged to suit his taste, adding handspikes and the like to the collection.

"We will make them pay dearly for meddling with us!" he exclaimed.

"You forget we are to die."

"I forget it, and I intend to forget. I plan to live."

"Saint Catherine!" exclaimed Ruy, utterly astonished. "To live? Why, you are mad. Ask Basselo!"

At this moment Leon caught a touch of his companion's breath, and there was enough spirituous odor in it to account additionally for his new courage. This passed without comment, and the chase became keenly interesting.

The Little Senorita was hunting the Western seas with the zeal of a bloodhound, and Leon was delighted. The troubled water boiled into high banks of foam at her bows and slipped frothing along her hull, casting a hard-dying wake far astern, and the look of the bellied sails and the sound of straining timbers and creaking blocks was rare delight to the adventurer.

"She is a flying ghost!" he cried to Ruy.

"She can reel the knots off merrily," the sailor agreed.

"The chaser scarce gains upon us."

"You said at the start she was three miles off. She's not that now."

"True, for she gained while we trimmed our yards, but I would wager she has fetched no closer to us this last half hour. At this rate we can pilot her as long as she wants to chase——"

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Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Think what a deaf and dumb woman misses!

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Cut out the unnecessary talk and you'll be surprised at the little you will have to say.

Volcanoes in Alaska are spouting fire. Very likely the janitor is trying out the flues.

Killing babies with certain kinds of soothing syrups is one of the more offensive forms of race suicide.

In that Oklahoma Indian scandal attorneys had carried away only $5,000,000, but they had just got started.

They are giving away watermelons in Texas, but probably they would all be gone by the time you got there.

The chances are that if your particular friends were more particular they wouldn't be your particular friends.

Even Pinchot will concede that when the forests are all burned up or cut down there will be no more deaths from forest fires.

It has been proved that a Vassar girl is not afraid of an aeroplane. Still, an aeroplane does not in the least resemble a [illegible].

There is a movement on foot to induce the United States to take over the Mammoth Cave. It would be a fine place into which to drop statesmen who had outlived their usefulness and did not know it.

In New York a man tried to commit suicide by shooting himself in his glass eye, but he would have saved himself considerable discomfort if he had put the counterfeit on the bureau before shooting it.

Those scientists need not feel so proud over the new pygmies discovered in New Guinea. Illinois can show smaller human beings among its candidates for the Legislature.

Having nibbled the grains off sixty-one ears of corn in three hours and five minutes, a New York policeman proudly wears the title of champion corn eater. Doubtless he could have done better if the provender had been peanuts.

(Continued from page five.)

"You forget the coming gale."

"There is something else. Body of Saint Sylstrom! they are busy at their bow-chaser. Sorrow of me, we shall have a cannon-ball singing this way."

"Bet you a red coat they cut the mainmast off like a sliced candle. Wilt pass the bottle of wine, shipmate?"

Leon did not heed the request, but eyed the pirates keenly. The long bow-chaser had been shotted and run out. The adventurer knew enough of big guns and distances to be aware that it was within the range of possibility the shot would dismast or hull them, and he was full of anxiety. The dreaded discharge came, but even as the match was applied the sea lifted before a sudden wind and the Senorita heeled to leeward. Naturally, the like happened to the Black Sword, and the missile flew far to one side, plunging sullenly along the water.

Ruy Paulo seemed utterly indifferent to such small things as cannon-balls, but he turned and looked critically at the weather outboard.

"Blow winds, blow gales!" he cried, laughing. "No more dullness now. And we were alone, Don Leon, I would swear our canvas must be shortened, but what matters it now? We are both dead men! What say you, shipmate, shall we carry on and let the masts buckle?"

"The breeze was but a puff. See you, it is over for now, and we ride as lightly as a cradle. Well, well, Ruy, you say well that 'tis an ill look for us with so much cloth spread, but what of it? Better drown than sup sorrow with the pirates. Our canvas stays where it is; not a capful of wind will we spill."

"Right, my jolly messmate. Pass the wine!"

The request was again ignored and Leon watched as the freebooters reloaded the cannon. They were expeditious about it, and when they fired again the ball passed directly over the larboard quarter of the Little Senorita, barely missing the rigging.

It was an ominous forerunner, and Leon would have been dispirited but for the weather conditions. The rippling water now took on fresh motion and, hoisted by the swelling breeze, leaped under tall white caps until the ship heeled well to leeward. This time there was no falling off of the wind. It broke along the water in a turbulent rush, while the north sky was blackened by a sudden rush of inky clouds. As yet there was no rain, but the boiling sea tossed the two vessels so violently that the third shot fell far wide of the target.

Leon was closely attentive to duty, and while Ruy Paulo clung tenaciously to the wheel he tried to analyze the situation. The sails were severely tried by the blast, and there was reason to fear the masts might snap, but it was too late to shorten the spread. What the Senorita had she must carry. Carry she did, but she heeled until the deck rose steeply, the leeward rail running hard by the normal level of the sea until they shifted their helm. And in this wild uproar they fled on, the wind now astern.

This far the Senorita was proving her ability to scud, but something worse was to be expected.

Presently rain fell viciously, and fog closed around the ship, shutting the pirate out from view. Seeing that Ruy was having a harsh trial at steering Leon made for his side and took the weather helm.

"She rides well," he said, shouting to overcome the din of the gale.

"She won't scud long and keep her topworks," persisted the sailor. "It's a wonder, too, we have not shipped a dozen seas already."

"A little more of this and we shall shake off Basselo."

"Maybe, maybe," was the doubtful response.

"We may be ten miles apart in half an hour."

"Or we may collide and both go to the bottom. Mark you, sir, those sails won't stand this long. Watch them! Hear the masts groan! And the ship—why, she plunges like a man going in diving. This can't last, and something must go. Shall we lash the wheel and try to cut away? If we can relieve her of a part of the sails we shall save her yet."

"I like not the idea of dismantling her. As for shortening sail and lying-to, it can not be done. Scud we must, and here is hoping we may weather the——"

He paused. A great sea rose off the stern, advanced, reared high, curled crescent-like over the rail and then fell thundering upon the deck. Under the blow the Senorita staggered, seemed about to be overwhelmed, and then, with all things afloat that were not held by lashings, quivered and rose slowly. It was a mighty stroke that tried men as well as ship, and they were tossed about until their arms seemed tearing from their bodies by the fighting wheel, but they held to and the peril passed.

"Said I not that she would ship a sea?" cried Ruy, sputtering his words exultantly through the water that trickled down his beard.

"It is past, shipmate."

"More to come. Saint Catherine! but I think I shall not need fall upon the cutlass. Can you meet death cheerfully, senor?"

"Hold hard! Don't let her broach to."

"I am iron! I shall hang here until the last plank is stripped from the garboard strake. Why, I never knew it was so cheerful a thing to die!"

Leon cast a look astern. He feared those seas and their hammer-like blows, and the look was a prayer for immunity from them, but what he saw brought dismay. Another sea was towering behind them, and he had barely time to shout a warning to Ruy when it plunged over the rail and the deck was full to the bulwarks. But there was more. With the flood was a strange crashing sound, and Ruy laughed wildly.

"The ship is breaking up!—'tis all over with us!"

"No, no, we are in collision! Saint Teresa, another craft has been flung upon our deck. Ha! a boat and human beings!"

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT THE STORM BROUGHT.

It was a strange statement to make, but the truth was even stranger. Despite the partial darkness of the deck that made all things vague, Leon plainly saw a boat driving with the sea they had shipped, and saw it turn from a direct course until it was broadside on to the wave; after which it turned over like a wheel and cast its human freight loose.

The whole thing was so amazing that the young man was dumfounded and deprived of motion momentarily, but as he stood staring somebody was borne by the water until scarce six inches separated that person from him. More than that, the garments of a woman whipped in his face.

Then his manly instincts rose and cast off torpidity. He flung out a hand, clutched firmly and stayed the floating being.

Acting in this manner he loosened his grasp on the wheel, and in a moment more it proved its superiority to the strength of one man; Ruy Paulo was flung out of position, and though he clung with a giant's power, the ship yawed, partly broached to, and the starboard rail rose high as the larboard side dipped so far that the deck was almost perpendicular. For a moment the Senorita was on her beam ends, but Ruy fought until his muscles stood out like great ropes and he brought her partly back to her course.

As she righted Leon saw men clinging to the weather shrouds of the main-rigging.

"This way, this way! he shouted. "Bear a hand, if you would not go to the bottom of the ocean!"

"Leave me to myself, Don Leon, and care for the wheel!"

He heard and was staggered. The heeling of the vessel, almost productive of great calamity, having missed of that point, had been productive of good in that the boarding sea had been largely cast outboard, and the last speaker was standing by Leon's side.

"Senorita Inez!" he gasped.

"Ay," was the clear response. "Senorita Inez, and safe. Leave me to myself, senor, for your mate needs your help. See!—I can cling fast. The wheel, senor, the wheel!"

In a way it was good advice, but he was too much agitated and amazed to obey. Luckily, one of the strange men came hurrying to the spot as fast as the lurching ship would permit, and he clutched the spokes hard by Leon's hand.

"I live!" he simply said. "I will do my share here."

"Gil Yanez, we trust you," replied Inez.

Leon was relieved and he allowed matters to pass that way. His surprise did not abate, but he realized that his chief duty was to care for the girl. What miracle had flung her upon his deck he did not know, but a wave of tenderness surged over him and he grasped her more tightly.

"You must go below!" he cried. "At once, at once!"

"Ay, ay," agreed the new man at the wheel. "Take the birdling to safety. Go, senor, and make haste."

The lower part of the ship had been protected from invading water, though no hatches were battened down, and Leon grew ambitious to convey the girl to the cabin. A period of calm had succeeded the late violence, the Senorita was running almost on a level keel, and the water had gurgled noisily through the scupper-holes until little was washing about on deck.

Holding his fair companion, the young man managed to gain the companionway and start her below. Anxious to secure everything against the next invading sea he was hanging back when a man appeared beside him.

"Pass on, sir!" directed this person, very coolly. "Being no sailor, and so useless here, I will keep you company. I would shed some of the brine my garments have soaked."

"Obey him!" whispered Inez. "He is a caballero of high blood. If you love justice, treat him graciously."

There was something like prayer in these words, and as Leon caught the tone, rather than force of the words, he complied promptly.

"Follow, senor!" he answered. "There is room for all, and you are most welcome."

The strange man laughed—a singular thing at that crisis—and gave thanks drily. He gave his help at closing the way, and it was no quicker accomplished than the Senorita quivered under the blow of a fresh sea, though she did not seem to take it in over her rails. They hastened to the cabin. It was in total darkness, but Leon made a light.

"Senorita Inez," said he. "I beseech you seek a spot where you will not be cast about by battering waves. Use this seat and cling hard. I comprehend nothing, but I thank the saints you are safe. For the sake of those who love you, remain so. And you, good sir"—this to the stranger—"pray make yourself at home here. You are very welcome!"

Again the man laughed heartily, seeming to be wholly free from fear of the storm, and to be vastly amused by something. He glanced about him narrowly.

"You have a tidy little craft here," he remarked, smiling.

"Ay, sir."

"Pray tell me if you are sole owner."

"I do not own so much as a scuttle-butt or bolt-head."

"Anyhow, you are a hospitable soul, and I like the sound of your cheery voice. I would lave my hands—where can I accomplish that task?"

"I would continue hospitable if I could, but I know nothing of the ship. Why, you know her as well as I do."

"Is it possible?" and again came that puzzling laugh.

It did not seem like a time for frivolity, and Leon was secretly annoyed, but he caught Inez's eye and she made a motion that kept him from indiscretion. What she willed must be done. Likewise, he was influenced by the fact that this laughing man was a tall, handsome, aristocratic person who might have been a grand duke. Such men Leon had seen at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The unknown moved away, was caught by a roll of the vessel and banged against the bulkhead, whereupon he waved his hand carelessly. Then, with a plunge he disappeared into a stateroom, the very best in the ship, by the way, and closed the door after him. Almost at once he opened it and looked out.

"Good people," he said, "I pray you pardon me if I change to dryer clothing. Better yet, methinks I can produce something of the sort for the lady—whom may the saints bless!"

He was gone again, the door was closed, and Leon's gaze sought Inez's face. She smiled wanly.

"Don't you know him?" she asked.

"Not I."

"It is the Count of Naratava!"

"What? Your father's enemy?"

"Madre de Dios! You know that, and I never told you. Misery of my heart, and is the fact all abroad?"

"Nay, nay, senorita. I had a part of my tidings from a mariner in this ship, one Ruy Paulo, but he knew little. It was because I put two and two together that I guessed the truth. Be comforted, for Ruy can not tell what he does not know, and I will not tell what I do."

"It is so strange, so perplexing, but we can discuss the point later. I know I can trust you, good Don Leon."

"To the death, senorita."

"But this ship—it is not one of the admiral's caravels, so what is it?"

"A pleasure craft named the Little Senorita. I came to it when it was abandoned

(Continued on page eleven.)

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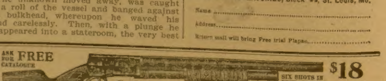

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Pickled Peppers

A Shrewd Promise.

The Vermont farm had been worn out, so the New Englander and his wife took up a homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly, and their native thrift was great, so they prospered.

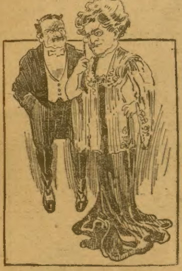
At last, however, age came heavily upon the wife, and, knowing that her time was not long, she called her husband to her side. "Reuben," she said, "I want you to send me back to Vermont when I'm passed away."

Reuben pulled his whiskers reflectively. "That would cost a lot, Mary—could buy that windmill for what that would cost," he said.

"But I couldn't lie still in a grave this far away from all the old folks," she protested.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he compromised. "Suppose we just try ye here, and if you don't lie still, why, I'll ship ye back to the Green Mountains."

The Limit.



She—A word to the wise is enough.

He—Yes, and to a married man a word in edgewise is sufficient.

The Facetious Traveler.

"How did you like Pittsburg?"

"It soots me."

"Do you think Boston is a great city?"

"It has bean."

"Did you find Philadelphia the place of sleep they say it is?"

"Not for me; everybody snored so loud I couldn't."

"Is Washington a good place to live in?"

"Capital."

"How did you find Chicago?"

"Didn't have to; it was there when I arrived."

"How were the mountains back of Denver?"

"Rocky."

"How did they treat you in New Orleans?"

"All the time."

"Well, I'm glad to see you're back."

"How does it look?"

"How does what look?"

"My back; I've never seen it."

It was then that the assault took place, but the courts, on hearing the evidence, decided that it was justifiable.

Lesser of Two Evils.

On the first Sunday of their visit in Chicago the successful merchant escorted his parents to a fashionable church. Some of the hymns were familiar, and in their rendition the visiting pair contributed heavily, with the credit for volume in favor of the father.

Although not always in correct time, and sometimes in discord, yet the joy of the good couple leaped forth in joyous praise, and they did not see the glowering looks of nearby worshipers or the flushed face of their devoted son.

"Father," observed the merchant that afternoon, while his mother was taking her accustomed nap, "in our churches the congregation does very little singing; it is left entirely to the choir."

"I know, my boy," said the old gentleman, as he lovingly placed his hand on his son's shoulder, "that it was very embarrassing to you this morning, but if I hadn't sung as loudly as I did the people would have heard your mother."

More Names in Stock.

The school census taker stopped at a little hut in the mountains of Kentucky, and addressing the mother of an unusually large flock of children said:

"Madam, I am taking the school census. How many children have you between the age of 6 and——"

"Lemme see," she broke in; "there's Katy an' Mary, an' Annie, an' Lucy, an' Carrie an' Rob, an' Jake an' Will, an' Harry an' Jim, an'—" She paused for breath and her caller made haste to say:

"Now, madam, if you could just give me the number——"

"Number!" she snapped; "number. We ain't commenced numberin' yet, thank ye. We ain't run out o' names."

Proof of Fairness.

A frown developed on the countenance of the new patient, as he studied the bill the physician had handed him. "What do you mean," he at length snorted, "by charging me $25 for a two weeks' treatment when you charged Handerson only $10 for a treatment extending over the same length of time?"

"If you mean that I am not impartial in my charges," retorted the bristling doctor, "I want you distinctly to understand that you have absolutely no foundation for your insinuation. I ordered Handerson to eat three square meals a day, while I forbade you to eat more than one light lunch. Now, sir, if you will add the cost of Handerson's meals to my charge of $10 and compare the result with the cost of your meals, plus my charge of $25, you will obtain such proof of my equitableness that you, if you are a man, will humbly apologize to me for your unkind and unwarranted attack."

A Grafter Sentenced.

Judge (severely)—You have been found guilty of stealing the people's money, and you are sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of five hundred thousand dollars.

Great Grafter—Yes, y'r honor.

Judge—But as you will never be able to pay the fine, the fine is remitted.

Judge—Thank you, judge.

Judge—And if conduct yourself properly the law will allow time for good behavior, and you can get out in about a year and a half.

Grafter—Thanks, judge.

Judge—And, by the way, if you happen to feel ill in a week or two, the court will issue an order allowing you to go home to die.

Grafter—Thanks, judge; but suppose I don't die?

Judge—Don't mention it. Call the next case.

Dog-Day Fable.

Once a real Wise Dog met a poor Tramp Dog who appeared to be very much agitated.

"Why so nervous, my friend?" asked the real Wise Dog.

"These are dog days and bad days for the canine fraternity," responded the poor Tramp Dog.

"Tut, tut,! my friend. Don't be a coward. Always be calm and collected."

The poor Tramp Dog immediately lost his timidity and appeared cool and collected. Just then a huge net swept over him and he was lifted into the air.

"Ah," he sighed, from the caged compartment in the big wagon, "I was calm and now I am collected."

Moral—It is not always a good policy to take notice from Wise Ones during dog days.

High Finance.

"What are you doing, little boy?" asked the curious stranger as he passed the suburban garden.

"I'm catching potato bugs," responded the youngster with the paper box. "Pa gives me a penny a dozen for all I catch."

"Ah, and you are too tender-hearted to kill them. What are you going to do with them?"

"Give them to Billy Jones next door to sell to his pa."

"And what will he do with them after his pa has seen and paid for them?"

"Oh, he'll slip them back to me and I'll sell them to my pa tomorrow."

Discouraging.

The learned savant came to the struggling student.

"My boy," he advised, laying a kindly hand on the young man's shoulder, "burn midnight oil if you would rise in this world. I burned midnight oil and now I am drawing $10,000 a year."

The struggling student sighed.

"Seems like I can't strike the pace," he responded, lugubriously. "I burn midnight oil every night and don't draw anything but mosquitoes."

She Certainly Couldn't.

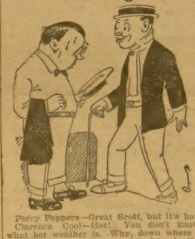
Looking out of her window Miss Tabitha, far past middle age, saw her young nephew walking on his hands while his feet dangled ungracefully.

"Johnny!" she called, opening the window and leaning far out. "You Johnny! Behave yourself. I wouldn't do that."

Resuming his natural position, Johnny looked up at her and made this unpolite reply:

"Wouldn't? By Jinks, you couldn't."

Real Thing.



Percy Peppers—Great Scott, but it's hot.

Clarence Cool—Hot! You don't know what hot weather is. Why, down where I come from if you put a cake of ice in the sun it will warp before it gets time to melt.

KEPT APART.

"If woman should only be bolder,"
Declared the suffragette,
"And just stand shoulder to shoulder,
We'd win the ballot yet."
But one woman candidly told her
When she at last had hushed:
"We can't stand shoulder to shoulder—
We'd get our hats all crushed."

What May Be Expected.

It was in 1920.

"Oh, pa," exclaimed the little lad, breathless with excitement, "guess what has happened?"

"What, my son?" asked pa, as he read a wireless from Europe.

"Why, you know our automatic cook—the one you bought in the hardware store?"

"Think I should know her. I was just about to call and tell her to prepare my condensed eggs and coffee capsules."

"Well, you needn't. She's gone."

"Gone? Left without notice?"

"Worse than that, pa. The automatic iceman came in and hugged her so tightly he broke all the steel springs she was composed of and she fell to pieces. Ma raked her up and is going to sell her to the junk man."

Imprisonment Preferred.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I would like to ask a few questions before I enter my plea."

"You have the court's permission," said the judge.

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"And hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably," said the judge.

"Well, then, judge, I will enter my plea."

"What is it?" asked the judge.

"Guilty!"

Bobby's Kick.

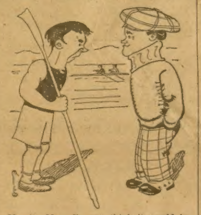
"Why is it you and your brother Billy are on such bad terms?" asked the caller.

"Oh, he's cornered the kiss market" pouted Bobby.

"The kiss market?"

"Yes. I'll tell you how it is. You see, we have six sisters and each sister has a beau. Well, Billy makes five of the beaus give him a nickel every time they kiss the girls, and all he's left for me is Molly's beau, and he is so cheap he only gives me 3 cents a kiss, and then he only kisses her about once a week. 'Nough to turn a fellow an anarchist."

Vacancy Needed.



Varsity Man—Do you think it would improve my style if I were to acquire a fast stroke?

Trainer—It would improve the crew if you got a lightning stroke.

Viewpoint of Officeboy.

"Is the editor in?" asked the man with the unbarbered hair and shiny coat as he fished a roll of paper from his pocket.

"No," replied the office boy. "He has just gone out."

"This is the third time I've called to see him," growled the caller, "and each time you have told me he has just gone out. What's the explanation?"

"I don't know," answered the o. b., "but I guess he must have been born under a lucky star."

Deadly.

Senator Overman said the other day of a defeated bill:

"It deserved to be defeated. It was as irregular as the tin can poker game.

"A man describing this game said:

"'One-Eyed Bones, on my right, held four kings and an ace. Two-fingered Schermerhorn, on my left, held four aces and a king.'

"'And you—what did you hold?' some one asked excitedly.

"'A gun.'"

An Ignorant Lot.

"Sailors are an ignorant lot," mused Mr. Pettibone, as he leaned over the railing of the good ship the Skimmer.

"What gave you that opinion, sir?" bristled up Mr. Snodgrass.

"My experience with them, sir," replied Mr. Pettibone. "I've become acquainted with lots of the fellows, but I've never met one who knew even the first verse of 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'"

A Poor Nightcap.

"I trust you slept comfortably and had everything you needed?" said Sandy Macpherson's hostess one cold morning last winter.

"Ay, weel enough," replied her guest, a venerable Scot; "but I dinna see the guid of yon bottle in the bed."

"Why, wasn't the water hot?" the hostess asked in surprise.

"Verra hot," responded Macpherson, "but ye forgot to put anything in it."

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Rather Sultry.

The Northern tourist found the old colored man sitting out in front of his cabin.

"Rather hot summer, eh, uncle?" interrogated the tourist affably.

"Hot summeh, sah?" echoed the old man, as he mopped the beads from his brow. "Why, de uddah day mah old gray mule balked on de schoolhouse hill en when Ah built a fiah undeh him et was so hot he neivveh eben noticed et."

Nor His Friends Either.

Some one says that there is danger of rabies in the bite of a skunk; but then a man who gets near enough to a skunk for the animal to bite him isn't likely to care much what happens afterward.

A Tinge of Suspicion.

"That speaker always starts off," said Farmer Corntossel, "by tellin' what the country needs."

"Naturally and properly."

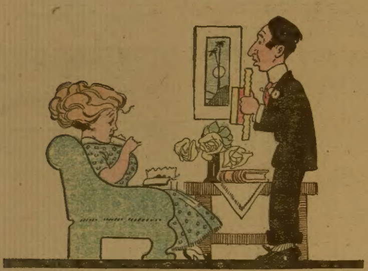
"I s'pose so. Only I notice that when a man goes out of the way to tell me what I need it's always somethin' in his particular line o' goods."

Unappreciated Escorts.

"Oh, Maud," said the other girl, "did you notice that this seaside hotel advertises to furnish young men escorts?"

"I know the kind," said Maud, bitterly. "They are such silly sisses that a girl feels like a chaperon every time she walks out with them."

SHE WENT.



She—Is there going to be anything particularly nice at the dance tonight?
He—Yes; if you come.

An Unverified Rumor.

Reporter—Pardon me, but I have called to inquire if there is any truth in the rumor that you are to be married in St. Paul's Church next Tuesday morning, to Mr. Bangup?

Great Actress—I do not know the gentleman.

"What? Not know Mr. Bangup! Why, his name has been coupled with yours for the past two years."

"Yes, I know; but I have not met him yet."

Needed Assistance.

Policeman (after midnight)—Here, move on.

Bilkins—It'sh all (hic) right, officer; I live here. I shay, officer.

"Well, what is it?"

"I shay. You take thish key and (hic) open thish door and go quietly upstairs an' shee if my wife's ashleep."

"H'm! Suppose she shouldn't be asleep, then what?"

"Well, if (hic) she mishtakes you for me (hic) you'd better run."

Her Look of Admiration.

Big Brother—I should like to know what you've been flirting with that fool Saphead for?

Pretty Sister (indignantly)—I haven't.

"Yes, you have. He told a friend you stood before him for ten minutes as if entranced, and you looked straight into his eyes as if you would read his very soul, and he said if ever ardent admiration shone in a human face it did in yours."

"Hugh! The fool! I was looking at my own reflection in his eye glasses."

Explained.

Seymour—It seems strange that Dobleigh should be so dead in love with his former wife when she doesn't even speak to him any more.

Ashley—Probably her silence is what attracts him.

Very Thorough.

William Loeb, Jr., New York's collector of customs, was talking about smuggling.

"Smuggling must cease," he said. "We'll make it cease if we have to be as strict and thorough as the French customs officer.

"This strict officer, standing on the pier, frowned on a tourist with a swollen cheek.

"'What have you got there?' he said, pointing to the swelling.

"'An abscess, sir,' was the reply.

"'Well," said the officer, impatiently, 'open it please.'"

Lunchroom Taffy.

"Bring me a plain steak," ordered the new patron in the lunchroom.

"Yes, sir," responded the pretty waitress.

"And some plain potatoes."

"I have your order, sir."

"And some plain bread."

"Gracious, sir, you must think we keep everything plain in here?"

"Yes, everything is plain but the waitress."

And when the boss was not looking she slipped him two wedges of apple pie gratis.

Not So Green.

"Yeou city chaps think yeou are pretty smart, don't yeou," drawled the farm lad. "Ever been to one of our spelling bees?"

"Never had the pleasure," responded the city boarder.

"Wal, by heck, yeou've missed a lot. Now, our favorite catch word is ice."

"Why, that only has three letters. Why should the word ice be so popular?"

"Because it is easy to slip on. Ha, ha, ha!"

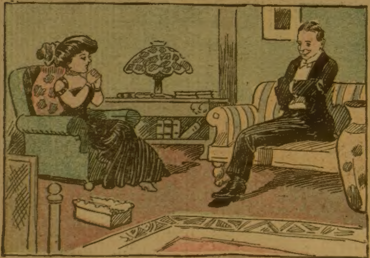
Blamed Again.

Hank Stubbs—Things are feelin' a little more nateral round home now.

Bige Miller—How so?

Hank Saubbs—My wife is beginnin' to blame me for things once more instid uv Halley's comet.

PICKED THE LOSER.



Miss Virginia Dixie—Our family was once very wealthy but the Civil War ruined us.

Mr. Sportleigh North—You have my sympathy. I was utterly ruined by a single battle.

Miss Virginia Dixie—Indeed! Where was it fought?

Mr. Sportleigh North—Reno.

His Awful Break.

DeBlank (at the ball)—May I have the pleasure of taking you in to supper?

Miss Initt—I'm sorry, Mr. DeBlank, but I have promised to go in with another. However, I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl——"

DeBlank (interrupting)—But I don't want to escort a handsome and clever girl; I want you.

An Embarrassing Question.

Police Justice—Have you any way of making a living?

Vagrant—I hev, y'r honor. I kin make brooms.

Police Justice—You can? Where did you learn that trade?

"I decline to answer, your honor."

A Sure Rule.

De Canter—Is there any sure way to tell the age of a horse?

He Trotter—Yes. Ask the dealer and multiply by one-half.

Sameness of Opinion.

"I suppose," said the young man with the soiled collar and baggy trousers, as he sat down beside a stranger on one of the benches, "you wouldn't take me for a member of a millionaire's family, would you?"

"No," answered the stranger, after sizing him up, "frankly speaking, I wouldn't."

"Neither would the millionaire," rejoined the young man, sadly. "I asked him last night."

Time to Travel.

Two wandering Thespians approached a small town in the middle West. One of them remained at the town pump, while the other started up to the lone hotel to discover the current rates for theatrical people.

"Well," said the former as the other straggled back with a dejected air, "did they say they had any special terms for actors?"

"Yes, terms of thirty days and sixty days."

"Great Caesar! Let's beat it. I'll bet a deadhead ticket against a doughnut you entered the town station-house instead of the hotel."

Avoiding the Rush.

"We have found a perfectly delightful summer-resort hotel."

"So?"

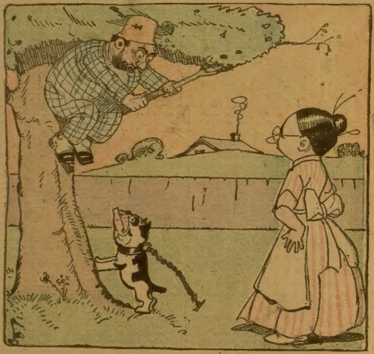
"Yes. They've got things so arranged that you don't have to fight to get your mail."

In an Envelope.

Wifey—I knew I'd forget something. I forgot my bathing suit. Will you express it to me?

Hubby—No. I'll mail it to you.

A CHANGE OF BASE.



Footsore Fagin—I told you a moment ago, madam, to give me something to eat, but I'll be satisfied now if you give it to the dog.

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D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Mary's, Kansas manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Temperance Work.

Jingle—Today I saw a man raising a glass of beer to his lips. I called to him to stop, spoke three words to him, and instead of drinking it he dashed it to the ground, splintering the glass into a thousand pieces.

Mingle—My stars! You must be a second John B. Gough for eloquence. What did you say to him?

Jingle—I said, "That's nonunion beer!"

For Kidneys and Bladder.

A Reader—You are advised to send your address to Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, 37 Carrier Bldg., East Hampton, Conn., and let him direct you to the remedy he successfully used in his own case. It is better to start right and save trouble.

Too True.

Wifey—It's just as much economy for me to pay $25 for a hat as for you to pay $20 for a fishing trip.

Hubby—How do you make that out?

Wifey—I get something for my money.

Answered.

"Whatever in the world persuaded ye to marry the widder Casey?"

"The widder Casey."

A Tidy Man.

"Please, ma'am, lend me a quarter to buy a toothbrush with? I kin git a job if I look neat."

"Do you think cleaning your teeth will make you look neat enough?"

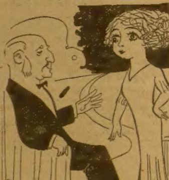
"Oh, I want de toothbrush to clean me celluloid collar wid."

Out of the Ordinary.

The Druggist—What was the most remarkable case you ever encountered in your practice?

The Doctor—That of a messenger boy who died of hasty consumption.

Out of Favor.



"Papa, Freddy says he fished all day and never got a bite."

"Margey, any young man who fishes all day and can't tell a lie about results can't land here."

TACKLES
ELLSWORTH YOUNG

LACK OF MONEY

Was a Godsend in This Case.

It is not always that a lack of money is a benefit.

"A lady, of Green Forest, Ark., owes her health to the fact that she could not pay in advance the fee demanded by a specialist to treat her for stomach trouble. In telling of her case she says:

"I had been treated by four different physicians during 10 years of stomach trouble. Lately I called on another who told me he could not cure me; that I had neuralgia of the stomach. Then I went to a specialist who told me I had catarrh of the stomach and said he could cure me in four months but would have to have his money down. I could not raise the necessary sum and in my extremity I was led to quit coffee and try Postum.

"So I stopped coffee and gave Postum a thorough trial and the results have been magical. I now sleep well at night, something I had not done for a long time; the pain in my stomach is gone and I am a different woman.

"I dreaded to quit coffee because every time I had tried to stop it I suffered from severe headaches, so I continued to drink it although I had reason to believe it was injurious to me, and was the cause of my stomach trouble and extreme nervousness. But when I had Postum to shift to it was different.

"To my surprise I did not miss coffee when I began to drink Postum.

"Coffee had been steadily and surely killing me and I didn't fully realize what was doing it until I quit and changed to Postum."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Without a Birthday.

A small Norwegian lad presented himself before a certain school teacher, who asked him his name.

"Pete Peterson," he replied.

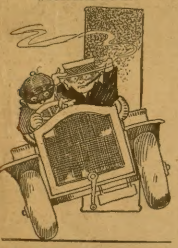
"And how old are you, Peter?" asked the teacher.

"Ay not know how old Ay bane," said the lad.

"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.

"Ay not born at all; Ay got stepmutter."

Technical Point.



Sparker—That was a fine marriage; a splendid alliance. The bride's father is rich, she just rolls in gold. The bridegroom is rich also; he made a fortune in copper.

Chugger—Huh! That's not an alliance that's an alloy.

A Lover's Eyes.

Fond Lover—What do you mean, sir, by snapping your camera every time that young lady passes?

Cheeky Amateur—I'm not taking her picture.

"Oh, you're not, eh! Then what are you doing?"

"I'm closing the shutters, so her looks won't break the lens."

Another Bunko Game.

Mrs. De Farm—I notice since them city boarders arrived old Hiram Hilltop has taken down his scarecrow.

Mr. De Farm—You bet. He is catching all the crows he can and palming them off on the green city folks as "dark spring chickens."

Two Sides to It.

"It's sad to think of how few girls there are you really care to marry."

"But it's sadder to think of the number who don't care to marry you."

She Made Good.

Trotter—Did your friend Miss Peachley make a success as a trained nurse?

Miss Homer—You bet she did. She married her wealthiest patient.

POOR SANDY!

Said the cop to Sandy McInish,
"Your noise you will not diminish."
So he tapped him right quick
With his handy ash-stick,
And gave him a hardwood finish.

Pertinent Query.

The One Girl—I haven't seen you for some time. Been away?

The Other Girl—Yes, just returned from a two weeks' sojourn at the seashore.

The One Girl—Have a good time?

The Other Girl—Well, rather! Had seventeen proposals while there.

The One Girl—Indeed! Why didn't you accept him the first time he proposed?

More Flattery.

He—This paper says that three times as many men are killed by lightning as women. I should think it would be just the opposite.

She—And why, pray?

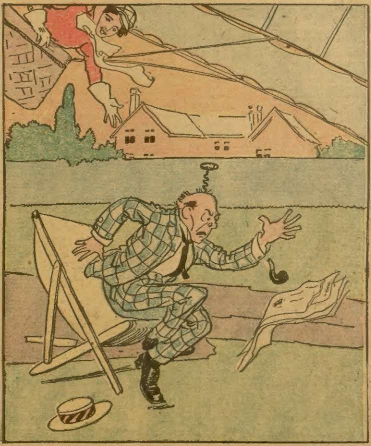
He—Women are so much more attractive, you know.

Trial Before Purchase.

"I'd like that saucepan up there, but do you think it's large enough to take a pig's head?"

"I'll take it down, madam, and then you'll be able to see for yourself."

A POLITE REQUEST.



Fair Aviator—Would you mind throwing up that corkscrew; the silly thing fell out of my hand, and we're so thirsty.

Preferred Carpenters.

Plumber—Why do you go on using this old well with an old-fashioned hoisting apparatus, when for a few dollars you could get city water put in your house?

Householder—Because when this apparatus gets out of order I can get it fixed by a carpenter.

A Proper Proposal.

A love-smitten youth asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."

A Filial Suggestion

"When I was your age," said the man of severe standards, "I worked twelve and sometimes fourteen hours a day."

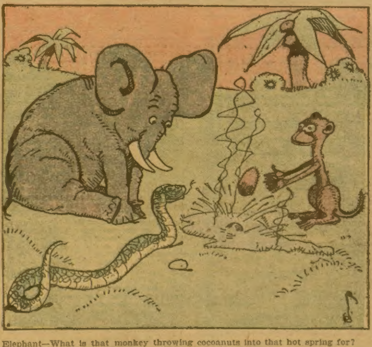
"I'd be careful about telling it where we may be overheard," replied the young man. "It is evident that you did not belong to a union."

A Little Book Knowledge.

"My book is bound to sell."

"Yes, it has got pretty binding, but it is the contents of a book that causes it to sell, and some books which are bound to sell and bound to be a failure."

UP TO DATE.



Elephant—What is that monkey throwing cocoanuts into that hot spring for?
Snake—Oh, he's been reading an article on sterilized milk.

Probably Insane.

"A man on our side of the river," remarked the Ohio man, "recently emptied a pint bottle of whisky at a single drink, and died from the effects."

"That man, suh," rejoined the Kentucky colonel, "must have been crazy. Any sane man, suh, ought to know there is at least two drinks in a pint bottle of whisky."

False but True.

Hyker—Bilkins told me he went to sleep in dentist's chair the other day while the dentist was fixing his teeth.

Pyker—And you believed him?

Hyker—Of course, I did. Bilkins' teeth are every one false.

AERIAL COURTSHIP.

Two turtle doves went wooing
In an aeroplane called Myrtle,
But pity the poor turtle doves
When the aeroplane turned turtle.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS

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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

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A CHINATOWN TRAGEDY;

Or, The Mystery of a Girl's Murder

By G. T. HARGREAVES

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Begun in No. 32, Aug. 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

IT WAS nearly 6 o'clock when Phil Pry got back to the seclusion of his humble room. He was thoroughly tired out from his day's exertions for they had been strenuous and unremitting in the extreme.

Yet he could not pause for rest now. The perilous step he was about to take depended, he felt, for its success upon the speed with which it was entered upon. Chinatown would soon know of the latest discovery in the great and tragic mystery and the Lee Leongs—whom Phil, in his own mind, had enmeshed in the tragedy—would undoubtedly meet in some Chinatown den and consider the situation, as it might involve some of their members. Pry had determined that he must be present by some means at this conference.

So he once more doffed his usual attire and once more donned the garb of the Chinese. This time he made sure to fasten on the queue so securely that no amount of exertion would drag it awry. He felt that troublous times were ahead of him and he did not purpose that his disguise should be so easily uncovered as it was following the encounter with Ling Ting in Lee Chin's room.

Satisfied with his attire, he made his revolver, his knife and a small electric flashlight safe within the confines of his blouse. Then, calling up police headquarters, he asked again for a body guard of two plainclothes men.

Two squares away from the entrance to Chinatown he met them for a brief conference.

"I've reason to think," he said, after he had disclosed his disguise, "that there'll be a secret Chink confab mighty quick on this Farrand case and that it'll be held in a dungeon beneath Lee Main's restaurant. I'm taking a desperate chance, I know, but it seems the only way to get at the real inside of the mystery. I want you to watch outside and if you hear two revolver shots in quick succession, raid the place in every part—mind you, in every part." The plainclothes men nodded vigorously. They liked nothing better than to go thrashing right and left into the infamous Chinese joints.

"And," said Phil, as he started on, "you'd better keep a good-sized squad of reserves within easy hailing distance."

Deliberately he plodded his way up the wide marble steps to Lee Main's restaurant. One quick glance through the heavy glass doors told him that his conjecture of something doing in Chinatown looked to be correct. Half a dozen Chinamen in waiters' garb stood at the cashier's counter talking and gesticulating vigorously.

When Phil opened the door and slouched unconcernedly in, they paused in their excited colloquy, looked the newcomer over and then went back to their discussion.

Phil sought a seat at a table that stood close to the entrance to Lee Main's private apartments which Miss Price had so thoroughly described to him. As soon as the waiter had hurriedly served him and gone back to the gesticulating group at the desk, Phil felt to see that his weapons were in place and then cautiously slid up the stairway to the floor above. He realized that he ran the risk of coming face to face with the proprietor or some of his minions, but it seemed his only chance.

On the hook at the top of the stairs he was gratified to find the expected key. He slid it into the lock carefully, turned it and the door gave way easily. Closing it, he glanced about the sumptuous room and slid across the rich rugs to the red curtain Miss Price had told him of. Drawing it aside, he beheld the secret door. A moment's search revealed the secret latch. Unloosing it, he gently opened the door and stepped within the smaller room.

It took a minute to accustom his eyesight to the gloom, unrelieved except for the little metal lamp which flickered low at the ceiling. He snapped the door shut behind him and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, there isn't any one here to block me, anyway," he muttered.

Next Phil darted across the room, drew the heavy hangings aside until he found the tiny table and the hidden spring just above it. At his trembling touch the section of wall swung out, revealing the circular opening Miss Price had described.

The reporter drew his flashlight and shot its rays down the sides of the round opening. It led downward at a sharp angle, but his sight could not pierce to the bottom.

"A sort of a slide for life," he exclaimed. "Well, here goes," and after he had carefully closed the secret door behind him, he let himself go down the incline.

It was a long and sharp fall. Once his head, striking the top, was jerked back so sharply that for an instant he was partially stunned. As he recovered he felt himself shooting through a pair of swinging doors and landing in a heap on a thick rug.

Pantingly he staggered to his feet and flashed his light about him. He was in a small cellar room. It was apparently without opening but by making his way slowly around the walls he came to a small door, artfully painted to correspond with the stones of the wall. He had to use his knife to spring the latch. Then he crawled through into the adjoining room.

Here the scene was different. The place was richly carpeted. Grinning dolls looked down from the painted ceiling and rich draperies hid the bareness of the walls. Around the long room stretched quaintly carved couches. In the middle stood a handsome rosewood table. At one end a gilded seat akin to a throne was concealed with gaudy silks tied back with golden braid.

"This is undoubtedly a secret meeting place," muttered the reporter as, flashlight in action, he made his way cautiously around the long room. "Now, if they'll only hold a meeting here soon, I'll be in on the sight."

At the farther end of the room he encountered a long cabinet, across the front of which was drawn a heavy drapery. Thrusting it aside he beheld a great number of long, hooded gowns, made of glaring yellow silk and adorned with fantastic figures.

"Some of their paraphernalia in their secret rites," he conjectured. "I'll remember these."

Farther along in the cabinet he heard the faint trickle of water. Feeling about he discovered a faucet and sink. He was turning away when he observed just above, a faint slit of daylight. Examining more closely, he found a dust-covered window less than a foot square and concealed with a triple layer of curtain.

"Nothing but a snake could ever escape through that hole," he murmured, as he replaced the window coverings, "but then, most of the blokes that plot down in this hole are only snakes anyway." Then, after another glance up and down the long room he continued: "But it's well enough to remember about it just the same."

Phil was turning away when he heard the little entrance door creak open. He hastily shut off his flashlight, slunk back into the bottom of the cabinet and carefully concealed himself behind the rows of gowns he had seen.

It was too dark to observe anything now, but for several moments he thought he could detect the tread of feet across the floor. Then came the subdued hum of voices. The language was Chinese and spoken in such low tones that the reporter coud not understand a word.

Lying almost breathless in his hiding place, he at length beheld a faint glimmer of lights in lanterns suspended from the low ceilings. Then in a steady stream came Chinese of all sizes, ages and shapes, and fitted themselves from the yellow gowns dangling in the cabinet where Phil lay hidden. Every instant he expected to hear the cry of discovery, but the gloom of the apartment and the blackness of his own costume saved him.

Cautiously peeking out in an interval of quiet, he saw that each occupant of the room was now gowned and hooded so as to be practically indistinguishable. Small openings for the eyes, nose and mouth in the face of the hood gave the only outward signs of the wearer's identity.

Seeing which, Phil decided on a movement which, for an instant, amazed even himself for its daring. With the room still in deep gloom, he cautiously rose, hastily slipped into one of the silk robes hanging in the cabinet, drew the hood over his head and face, and then, with many misgivings, slipped across the floor and seated himself near a group of silent figures on one of the couches ranged along the walls.

Before he had time to settle himself, a new arrival brought the assemblage to its feet. In the newcomer Phil instantly recognized Lee Main, the restaurant keeper, and he made haste to imitate the action of those about him.

"He must be the big mogul of this bunch by the way they kow-tow to him," thought Phil, as he watched Lee Main don a robe far more gorgeous than the rest and take his seat in the throne chair that stood at one end of the room.

Proceedings hurried along so rapidly that the reporter was barely able to keep track of them all. He saw one of the crowd light two flaming tapers which stood at each end of the table in the middle of the room. Then fantastic images were brought forth and arranged about the tapers. A low drone from a figure at the secret door was followed by a series of movements with arms and hands by all those in attendance.

"Must be their secret signs," said Phil to himself, as he hastily, though imperfectly, imitated the motions. "If they don't pick me out for an imposter mighty quick, they surely are a set of dummies."

For a moment he trembled lest some password, to him unknown, be required by the attendants. But as the weird ceremonies—now participated in only by the leader and several assistants—went on, he rightly conjectured that the password had been given at the entrance door.

Then through the gloom came the solemn voice of the leader in perfect Chinese:

"We are here to listen to the report of the Lee Leong vengeance on its renegade."

A figure close to the center table rose abruptly.

"Gracious chief of the Lee Leongs," it began haltingly, "the order of the brethren has been executed. The renegade Lee Chin is no more!"

Phil imagined he heard a snicker from the hidden faces pass around the solemn assemblage.

"The brethren would like to hear how the renegade passed," again came in slow tones from the chief.

Again the figure at the table, with a sweeping glance about the room, doled dismally out:

"The three of us, Long Ting, Ling Ting and myself, went together to Lee Chin's room. Ling Ting looked through the keyhole. Then we heard a woman's scream. We look and see him choking the American girl. Soon she was so quiet we thought she was dead and we think about running away.

"But we wait to see what Lee Chin do, and we see him double up the body in the trunk and tie it up tight. Then he pack his grip and get ready to run away."

As the speaker paused, a gasp of breathless interest rose from the intent assemblage.

"When he put his money in his grip," continued the voice, "we burst in on him. Ling Ting caught him about arms, Long Ting caught him about legs and I put my fingers deep in his throat. He struggled once and then he sink down to the floor. But I keep my fingers in his throat. Once he try to rise and strike Long Ting in the chin. When I see the blood, I stick my fingers deeper. Lee Chin lay very still then all the time."

A subdued chuckle ran about the room as the chief declared:

"Well done, Sang Ting. The Lee Leongs will not forget you!"

"They must not forget Long Ting or Ling Ting either," broke in the other speaker. "Both of them now lie in jail!"

"What, Long Ting arrested too?" asked Lee Main in amazement.

"Yes, sire, about an hour ago. He was taken in his laundry after the police dug up the trunk in which we had hidden and buried Lee Chin. They caught Ham Sing and me also, but I got away from them."

"We will take care of Long Ting and Ling Ting with all the funds we have. And you too, Sang Ting, will be well rewarded. The Lee Leongs are proud of you three brothers. And let the rest of us take warning of the penalty of desertion!"

A low chant, rather of exultation than of mourning, rose from the hooded figures. Concluded, the leader solemnly announced:

"Collect the password!"

Slowly his two assistants started down the long line of figures on each side of the room, stopping before each for a whispered word.

"Now I'm in for it," thought Phil, as he shifted uneasily and vainly tried to catch some idea of the mystic word.

But the attendant was at the reporter's side ere the latter had time to plan any expedient. The silent figure thrust his face forward toward Phil and waited for the expected password.

Phil mumbled an unintelligible reply.

"Speak louder and slower," ordered the figure.

Instead Phil kept silent.

Whereupon the assistant turned to Lee Main and exclaimed loudly:

"Sire, here is one who cannot give the password. Can it be we have a traitor in our midst?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ESCAPE FROM THE TRAP.

Phil was rarely given to even a hint of fear. But as he beheld the movement of surprise and resentment in the hooded and gowned figures he realized that he was in for an exciting time.

"You say he cannot give the password?" repeated the chief. "Then bring him here."

Between two none too gentle conductors, Phil was led up the room and placed before the occupant of the throne.

"Remove the hood," came the stern command.

Instantly the head covering was thrown aside. Lee Main bent over the better to examine Phil's steady eye and composed face. Then he announced:

"I do not recognize the man—though I thought I knew every one in our Chinese colony here. Remove the gown!"

Quickly the yellow robe was plucked from Phil's frame. He stood in the black, shabby costume of the Chinaman amid a group of gaily gowned figures.

"Bring him closer," was the next order of Lee Main.

Phil was thrust forward until the chief could run his hand into the face and hair of the intruder. With a dexterous movement he caught the false queue and tore it savagely from the reporter's head.

"So, you American," he hissed, "you will try to spy on us, will you?"

The rest of the gathering, silent witnesses of the unmasking, could no longer restrain themselves. They dashed forward with angry guttural cries like wolves tearing at their prey. Phil was seized by arms and legs and head and body and thrown vio-

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lently to the floor. Knives, long, shining and keen, gleamed threateningly.

"Hold you!" shouted the leader. "Let's take time to our punishment. Let's first find out who this interloper is!"

Whereat, with many muttered threats, the savage throng fell away. Phil rose slowly to his feet and stood once more facing Lee Main.

"Who be you, Amelican?" asked the latter, taking up the language of the captive, "and how you glet in here?"

Phil, looking squarely into the eyes of his interrogator, deigned no reply.

As the silence lengthened, Sang Ting glided forward until he could look closely into the face of the American.

"Sire," he exclaimed excitedly, after a moment's inspection of Phil's features, "this is the same man who came to the laundry this afternoon and found the trunk with Lee Chin. He is a policeman and he has heard every word spoken here. With him outside none of us will be safe from jail!"

The astonished gathering again moved forward threateningly. Their steely eyes, looking out from the slits in their hoods, showed anger and hate unspeakable.

"If I could only reach that little window and fire my revolver twice to call the police help," thought Phil, "I might have a chance. But with these fiends about me, there doesn't appear to be a show."

In fact, before he had time to consider any expedient for escape, Lee Main spoke up sternly:

"You are very right, Sang Ting. There is but one thing for us to do. Away with him to the sacrificial table!"

Whereupon the reporter was seized ruthlessly by a dozen hands and dragged roughly across the floor to the long table in the middle of the room. An iron griddle, over six feet in length, was lifted to the top. It stood high enough to permit the placing of half a dozen flaming oil lamps beneath its bed.

"My God," breathed Phil, as he felt himself lifted to the griddle, "they intend to burn me to death! And there's not the faintest chance of a rescue!"

Then, as he heard the rattle of chains and beheld two figures bearing toward him the bonds with which he was to be bound to the funeral pyre, a sudden inspiration came to him.

Springing upward with the agility and strength of a tiger, he seized the long burning tapers that had stood at the foot of the table throughout the previous ceremonies and swept them viciously against the gowns and hoods of the tong members within his reach.

Instantly a dozen of them were aflame. In terror they ran about the room, beating wildly to subdue the fire, but instead setting others of the brotherhood ablaze.

From the gowns the flames spread quickly to the rugs and the rich hangings of the council room. In the time that it required Phil to climb down from the table the entire room was smoke-filled and dotted with flashes of flame. Chinamen, yelping with pain, dashed madly about. Even Lee Main, infected with the panic, sat speechless for a moment. Then above the din and choking from the smoke he howled:

"Quick, all of you, through the secret passage and out of here. But don't let the American escape with you. Let him remain to burn to death!"

In the instant of silence that followed, Phil heard the clatter of a door in the floor and the patter of descending feet. The smoke was so thick that he could barely see a foot away.

He did not pause to note where the new secret exit was. Rather he plunged unevenly toward the cabinet where he had shortly before found the running water and the little window.

Eyes smarting, throat choking from the ever-thickening smoke, Phil turned on the water, soaked his handkerchief in it and then held it to his nose and mouth. It restored his shortening breath and revived his wavering strength.

Tearing down the curtains from the foot-square window, the reporter drew his revolver and with the butt of it broke out the glass. In the dusk he saw a narrow court. Shifting his weapon he discharged it twice.

With the smoke pouring out of the fresh draft hole, making his predicament increasingly dangerous, he waited anxiously for a sign of help.

"I'll be all right," he muttered, "if those plainclothes men only hear my signal. If they don't I'm doomed for I can never make my way out by the way I got in. The climb up that long slide is impossible. These Chinks are evidently escaping by a secret passage that they would block me out of."

After a moment's interval he again discharged his weapon twice. Peering up through the smoke, he saw the head of a Chinaman rise above the courtyard fence, and then as suddenly disappear. Almost immediately half a dozen Chinks bounded over the wall and made toward the spot where Phil's head protruded.

"It's all off now," thought the reporter. But his hope revived when in the rear of the Chinamen he saw the two plainclothes men appear.

The Chinamen quickly fled at sight of the officers who hurried to Phil's aid.

"No, no," the latter cried, as they sought to draw him out, "the hole is too small. One of you get the fire department quick. They'll have to chop me out!"

The flames were beginning to warm about Phil's limbs when the fire laddies, with axes and picks, reached the scene. Hurriedly they set to work to rip away enough of the stone wall to permit the reporter to be drawn into the outer air. Then they directed their streams into the smoking, blazing hole.

When the fire appeared to be extinguished, Paul led the police and firemen back into the scorched secret chamber. Their search was rewarded by the discovery of a hidden hole in the floor, from which, one after another, nearly forty Chinamen were drawn. Some were with difficulty [illegible]; half of them were beyond human aid. Lee Main and Sang Ting were among the dead.

Investigation showed that the Chinaman who had led the flight through the secret passage had stumbled and fallen. The rest of the party, choking from smoke and suffering from burns, had piled up in an inextricable heap behind him, entirely blocking the passage. As they lay thus, the escaping smoke had entirely overcome them.

"Retribution was quick enough here," exclaimed Phil to the police, as he made his way to the outer air.

Bruised and bedraggled, he sought a telephone booth. Calling up Mr. Gee, he gave him a brief but succinct account of his discoveries and experiences since his last report.

When eight o'clock was booming from neighboring steeples, the Star was out with another extra, scooping all other papers in the metropolis again with the complete and sensational solution of the great Chinatown mystery. And to Phil. Pry went all the personal glory and a check for five hundred dollars from his paper.

When the daring and resourceful reporter got back to his room and once more clothed himself in ordinary garb, he sat down and wrote a brief note.

Then he hastened out to a florist's shop and ordered a huge bunch of American beauty roses sent up to the home of Miss Price. With it went the note which read:

"MY DEAR GIRL: Consider these flowers a slight testimonial to your invaluable assistance in completely solving the Farrand mystery. In addition you can buy the very prettiest gown you can find and send the bill to me. But even that won't pay the debt I owe you.

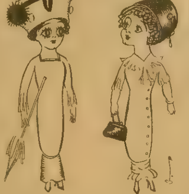
"Of course I expect to see you in the park tomorrow afternoon.

"PHIL PRY."

A month later, on Phil's testimony, Ling Ting and Long Ting were sent to the electric chair.

The end.

After the Social Game.



Mrs. Buggs—I wouldn't let my husband play poker.

Mrs. Luggs—I wouldn't let mine if he played no better than yours

* * *

Too Much for Him.

And here is the true tale of a young man from a small town in a neighboring county who came to Cleveland not long ago to hold down a job, or "to accept a lucrative position," as the weekly paper in his home town had it.

It was his first experience at city life, in fact the first time he had ever set foot in a town the size of Cleveland.

When he got on a car to take him up from Union Station the pay-zhenter feature puzzled and annoyed him. It seemed to him that the street car company might trust him until he had at least found a seat and set his suitcase down, so he could search his pockets for small change.

That night he set out to hunt a rooming place. He found one that seemed all right and told the woman she might hold it for him. Very well, she told him, and it would be $2.50 in advance for the week. He compromised by agreeing to pay her a dollar then and the rest the next day.

From the rooming place he hastened to the office of the transfer line to have his trunk sent out.

"That'll be 40 cents," the man told him him when he had handed over his check.

"All right. I'll pay the fellow when he comes with the trunk," replied the chap from down State.

"Naw, you'll have to pay now or else we can't deliver your trunk," the man told him.

That was the last straw. With pay-in-advance cars and rooms and transfer lines, city life no longer looked alluring. He dreaded the thought of going into a restaurant for fear of being asked to pay for his meal before he'd even looked at the menu

That same evening the young man got on a train and rode back to his native town, where George Jones, the drayman, will haul a trunk and trust you for a year., if need be, and he will return to Cleveland no more.

* * *

A Lesson in Etiquette.

"Ezra," said the farmer's wife, "I wish you wouldn't lean your elbers on th' table."

"Huh," sneered the farmer, "gettin' fastiderous, ain't you? Mebby you'll be warnin' me next to keep my knife outen my mouth, an' then tellin' me not to cool my tea in my sassar. But my granther kep' his elbers on th' table, an' so did my father, an', by heck, I'm goin' to lean on it as hard and as long as I dum please, so there!"

Whereupon he leaned hard, so hard that the ancient table suddenly collapsed and sprawled out its legs and went down with a frightful crash of crockery.

"Well, you've gone an' done it now!" screamed the old lady. "That's a pretty mess, ain't it? Ef you'd had th' sense of a chipmunk you'd have knowed th' reason I didn't want you to lean on th' table wuz 'cause th' legs wuz rickety. An' I guess a little etiquette wouldn't hurt you none, [illegible] Ezra Doolittle—to say nothin' of [illegible] wuth of family crock'ry."

And the disgusted farmer stumbled out from the scene of wreckage and chased a harmless tramp three miles down the road with an ax handle.

* * *

Education enables some people to teach others how to earn a living.

Sailing With Columbus.

(Continued from page six.)

save for one seaman. It belongs to—Caramba.'

"What now?—why are you so astonished?"

"Ha! no wonder yonder man laughed when I proffered hospitality Why, this is his own vessel!"

"Oh!" murmured the girl

"Odd hospitality! Yet, maybe I shall lose nothing—stay! is he bitter against you?"

"Not so, for he does not know me, and he has the manners of a cavalier of high breeding. We have been companions in misfortune."

Senorita Inez, I am amazed to find you here. What has happened? You went to the Pinta as guest of Captain Pinzon. Now you are here. Why—how?—what means all this?"

"Ah-h-h!" she returned, shivering, "it is a long tale but a little of it will I give you here and now. During that fog Captain Pinzon lost valuable papers overboard by handling them near the lee waist. He ordered a boat lowered to recover them, and the Pinta was soon lying to. Ah, the folly of a rash maid! My father was below, talking with Doctor del Rincon, so, when I cried out imperiously that I would go in the boat there was nobody to oppose me but the captain, and he yielded weakly to my insistence. I went, and through bad management—it must so have been—we were separated from the caravel.

"When we hailed we had reply and all seemed well. Still befogged, we rowed on to those who answered. Mercy for the just! but it was to Basselo the pirate we went. Ere we realized our peril he had us fast, and we were taken on board. Senor, it was the same dread ship you and I saw that other night. Basselo had met with mutiny, but overcome his recalcitrant men after a fight—the same we saw.

"Well, in that ship was also the Count of Naratava, a prisoner like myself. He had never seen me, and did not suspect who I was, and he has been my friend, and, as far as possible, my defender. This night when the gale threatened, we had plans all laid to descend to our boat, which was trailing astern, and cut loose. When the weather grew bad we did not hesitate. We went, and so were caught in the storm, and all lost but us three. How strange, how very strange that we were cast upon your deck in our wild flight!"

The time came when Leon heard details and explanations as to how all this had been made possible, but he listened to no more then. As he was about to question he heard pounding on the deck—plainly a call to him—and he left Inez and ran up the companionway. Emerging he was in utter blackness and amidst howling winds, though the sea was not pressingly violent. Ruy Paulo saw him and shouted.

"Work to do! The main-mast is buckling, and if something is not done we shall be dead men. Haste, you, and cut away and let the sail go by the board!"

This splendid story will be continued in next week's Ledger. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

* * *

A Theatrical Incident.

It was quite evident to everybody in the audience at the Quechawkett opera house that there was trouble in the company. The performance did not seem to run along as smoothly as it might have been expected to do, considering that this was the 357th night of the famous comic opera.

The team play between the prima donna with the cracked voice and the comedian was especially bad, and in the love scenes between them there seemed to be more of the atmosphere of the prize ring than of the hymeneal Twice the lady had been observed to choke her wooer in her embraces that had rather been designed by the author to indicate her fondness for him than to show a mortal antipathy, and the whole company behaved in a highly nervous manner

It was known to the few that this was to be the comedian's last performance of his role, the jealousy of the prima donna, who was also the manager's wife, having reached such an acute stage the day before that the funny man had been given notice to quit. Thus things ran along until the prima donna's great effort was about due. The scene had been worked up to the point where her most popular aria was about to be rendered, when the comedian advanced suddenly to the footlights and shading his eyes with his right hand, scanned the audience anxiously.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" he asked, with a slight quaver in his voice.

"Yes, I am a doctor," said a physician, rising in his place.

"All right," said the comedian, with a deep sigh of relief, stepping back to his appointed spot. "If that is the case, let the performance go on. If anybody is prostrated by Mme. Screecherini's singing, help is at hand."

And, strange to say, even with such assurances, the lady referred to flounced angrily off the stage and refused to go on with the performance.—Judge.

* * *

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

RODNEY THE WATCHMAKER;

Or, The Minute Boys of Liberty

By T. C. HARBAUGH

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Begun in No. 34, Aug. 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.
AN EXCITING ESCAPE.

RODNEY MAY, the young watchmaker, had little hope of soon emerging free from the dungeon of Captain Cunningham's prison. He knew the character of the man so well that he believed he would be severely punished for striking the brute with the chair. He did not regret the blow. Cunningham had such a name for brutality that he deserved death, and Rodney in the dark solitude of his prison almost wished that the stroke had killed.

What troubled him most was that the coming night was the one set apart for the rescue of Captain South by the Minute Boys of Liberty. He was to direct the movement designed to get the fugitive across the river where he would be safe. Without his help he feared the plans would fail.

He was liable at any moment to be visited by Cunningham and his cutting whip, and in the dungeon he would be wholly at the tyrant's mercy.

For some time he was not disturbed by any sound. The silence weighed heavily on his mind. At last he heard a footfall and the door, which he could not see, swung slowly open. Was he to be confronted by the infamous jailer?

The door shut with a clang and Rodney felt that he was not alone in the darkness. Some one had surely entered the place but whom he could not see.

All at once a spark flashed out and then a little flame danced into being.

Before the young prisoner stood a British soldier who was searching the interior of the place for him. At last the man's eyes alighted upon the young captive.

"Ho! there you are!" exclaimed the soldier

Rodney smiled grimly.

"You didn't think I could get out of here unaided, eh?" he exclaimed.

"No, boy. This cellar holds and very well. You are wanted upstairs. The Captain wants to see you."

Captain Cunningham! The words of the soldier went through our young hero like a knife.

Rodney rose and placed himself at the guard's disposal. Taking him by the arm the soldier started off and in a few moments the boy was ushered into a large, well lighted room. At a glance he saw that the place was occupied by "Tiger" Cunningham, Col. Simcoe and another person whom he did not know, but this latter one was dressed in an officer's regimentals and looked quite soldier-like.

The young patriot was conducted to the middle of the room and released while the guard stepped back and watched him.

"This is the young Rebel, General," said Cunningham addressing the strange officer "He is the head of the Minute Boys of Liberty."

The officer studied Rodney for a few moments and then said:

"He's a bold looking lad, Captain."

"And as audacious as bold," was the reply. "I turn him over to you for the present, General."

Rodney now faced the officer and awaited his first words. He did not expect any mercy.

"What is your name, boy?" asked the officer

"Rodney May."

"An apprentice, I hear?"

"Yes sir. I work for Master Joram on Chestnut Street."

"How comes it, sir, that Master Joram, who is a friend of the King's, has a Rebel in his employ?"

"He never asked about my sentiments," replied Rodney. "On that subject, sir, I have never been questioned."

"So? But Captain Cunningham tells me that you are a Rebel."

"I am for liberty in North America."

"That constitutes rebellion," said the General with a smile. "We can not condone such sentiments."

The young watchmaker did not speak.

"I understand," continued the officer, "that one Captain South of the Rebel army has recently escaped from this prison. It is said that he is now concealed in Philadelphia in a certain place the location of which is known to your League."

"I can not say what you understand."

"Is it not true, young sir? Don't you know where the fugitive captain is at this very moment?"

"Sir," said Rodney, drawing his figure to its true height and narrowly watching his questioner, "you can not make a traitor out of me."

"There!" flashed Cunningham, "that's what I told you, General."

The officer's face got hard, cruel lines.

"I assume therefore that you know the hiding place of this Rebel soldier."

"You have a right to assume what you please."

"Marry!" was the explanation, "this is audacity itself. You know but will not speak, eh?"

"I will not betray my friends."

For a moment the face of the General reddened and then grew pale.

"Do you know, sir, what punishment is liable to follow your disobedience?" he said.

"I know that I am in your power and helpless," answered the heroic boy

"Did you ever meet with just such a case, Colonel?" asked the officer, turning to Simcoe.

The commander of the Queen's Rangers smiled as he replied:

"You will find the youth of America as bitter Rebels as their sires."

"General Conway," cried Cunningham at this juncture, "I think I can bring him to terms."

As the man spoke he stepped across the room and took from a shelf the terrible whip with its black handle and cutting lash.

"This is the thing that opens people's mouths," said he, coming back. "It never fails when properly used and I think I know how to use it."

Of this there was no doubt as more than one patriot's back could tell, but the face of Rodney did not pale as he looked at the instrument of torture in Cunningham's hands

"Wait a moment, Captain," said General Conway, lifting his hand. "I'll try the young Rebel once more"

He turned to Rodney and looked him in the eye.

"I give you one more opportunity," said he. "Where is the fugitive Rebel Captain?"

"I am no traitor, sir," replied Rodney. "You must look elsewhere for the information you seek."

"It's no use!" exclaimed "Tiger" Cunningham. [illegible] must be treated to the kisses [illegible] and he whirled the [illegible] over his head

Rodney had planted himself firmly on the [illegible] phase of the [illegible] no handy [illegible] resistance; he seemed entirely at the mercy of the heartless jailer.

One thing, however, he did notice and that was that Col. Simcoe carried a pistol in his belt and he noticed that this weapon was almost within his reach.

"I guess I'll have to turn him over to you, Captain," said Conway. "I'll be hanged if I can get anything out of him."

"I can or I'll cut him to pieces!" almost roared the King's jailer. "Stand out in the middle of the floor a little farther, young sir. Don't try to play the fighting cock for it'll do you no good."

Once more the whip whistled in the air, but Rodney did not stir.

"I'll count three," continued Cunningham. "One—two—"

The scene that followed was totally unexpected by the King's adherents.

As quick as a flash the young watchmaker darted towards Col. Simcoe and the next instant had snatched the finely chased pistol from his belt.

Gripping the weapon in his hand, he backed suddenly towards the door which led into the hall and there faced the astonished group.

"One movement of the whip and you die, Captain Cunningham!" leaped in thrilling tones from Rodney's lips as he leveled the pistol at the amazed rascal. "I am not entirely helpless now," and he laughed over the highly polished barrel.

Astonishment sat upon the countenances of all. The whip dropped and the lash trailed on the floor. General Conway smiled grimly for he more than half enjoyed the scene, while Col. Simcoe did not know what to think.

"Throw down the weapon!" roared Cunningham when he found his voice. "You stand no show to escape, boy. If you press that trigger you'll be torn to pieces by my guards."

"If you lift the whip you'll never lash another helpless prisoner!" replied the fearless lad.

Cunningham stamped the floor in his rage.

"I never saw a young viper like that one," remarked Conway, glancing at Simcoe who nodded. "If America is much infested with such young Rebels King George might as well withdraw his armies now."

"Bah," cried Cunningham," we're going to hang all like that one," and he covered Rodney with his finger. "He won't shoot, General. It's all put on."

With his last word hissing on the air "Tiger" Cunningham strode towards the young watchmaker

"Drop the pistol!" he shrieked. "If you don't I'll cut you down with Black Bess."

The answer was a loud report that filled the room and Cunningham, tottering back, lost his footing and fell across the table, overturning it and sending it and the two others to the floor in a confused heap

Hidden by the smoke Rodney turned and twisted the door knob, at the same time jerking the door open. The next moment he was in the broad passageway which led to the street

He knew that those in the room would soon recover and he darted towards the main door.

No sentry obstructed his progress and the door stood partly open.

It was the work of a second to reach it and swinging it back he leaped out into the light of day. Before the steps stood a guard with shouldered musket and the moment he spied Rodney he brought the gun down menacingly, but the boy thrust the empty pistol into his face and the red-coat recoiled

In another moment a fleet figure was flying down Walnut Street. It seemed to have the speed of a deer and its feet hardly touched the stones.

Suddenly a musket shot rang out behind the fugitive. The guard had recovered his scattered senses and Rodney felt the musket ball sing zippingly past his head.

"A miss is as good as a mile!" he exclaimed to himself, and in another minute he had darted into an alley and was out of sight. When he at last halted, well out of breath, he looked down at the pistol still in his hand.

"I must return this to Simcoe with my compliments," he smiled.

CHAPTER VIII.
A GIRL AND GUN.

"I fear we are at the end of our string. The Rebel Captain South seems as far from our hands as ever."

These words fell from the lips of Peter Peeps, the British spy and were addressed to "Tiger" Cunningham several hours after Rodney's escape from the Walnut Street prison.

Cunningham had had a very narrow escape from death; the bullet fired by the young watchmaker from Col. Simcoe's pistol had plowed a furrow across his temple and he now wore a red handkerchief around his head and looked more ferocious than ever. The two were seated in the very room where the incident had occurred and Cunningham was in any but a jovial mood.

"Oh, I'll get him yet!" he growled. "I don't intend to let a passel of young Rebels outwit me. I wasn't born for that, Peter. I've thrown out my net already and I'm pretty sure to catch some fish."

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Peter was not quite so sure.

"I'm satisfied from what Mother Hawks has told me that a certain young miss knows more than she cares to tell," continued Cunningham. "I'm about to pay her a visit and there'll be results when I do."

"I wish you every success, Captain," responded Peter. "If Captain South gets across the river he will be safe."

"But he's not going to get across. I'll circumvent him and when I catch him he'll know what it means to be kissed by 'Black Bess.'"

The little conference soon broke up and Captain Cunningham might have been seen wending his way to a certain part of the Quaker City.

He seemed to know just where to go, for all at once he stopped in front of a large well-to-do house and violently rang the bell.

The door was opened by a pretty girl who started at sight of him.

"Is this Master Doyle's house?" asked the King's jailer.

"If you please, sir," answered Miss Dorothy. "But just now father is not at home and——"

"You're the person I want to see," interrupted Cunningham, as he unceremoniously pushed into the house, the girl staring at him with pallid cheeks.

Seeing that she could not get rid of her visitor, Dorothy ushered him into the parlor and stood at attention.

Cunningham plumped into a chair and coolly crossed his legs.

"I've called on a matter of pressing business," said he, "I am Captain Cunningham."

"Yes, sir."

"A good deal of dirty Rebel work has been going on in the city of late," he went on, fixing his eyes on the young girl. "And if you will promptly and truthfully answer a few questions I shall soon take my departure."

Dorothy could have guessed the rascal's mission, but she resolved to let him proceed in his own way.

"I want to know what has become of a certain Captain South of the Rebel army who has been a prisoner under my charge. He effected his escape recently and I have every reason to believe is now concealed by his friends within our lines."

"Why is it that you come to me?" demurely asked the girl. "What can I know of the whereabouts of the man you seek?"

"Everything!" blurted Cunningham. "I'm not here to beat around the bush, but to go straight to the mark, for time with me is very precious. You know certain young Rebels who have banded together against the King and their league is known as the Minute Boys of Liberty."

Dorothy's breath came and went in little spurts, but she soon became calm.

"You must take me for a Rebel, Captain Cunningham," said she.

"I do and upon the best of proof," was the reply. "I never make mistakes. To be plain, miss, I know that you are in cahoots with the Minute Boys of Liberty and, being so, you know where Captain South is."

"That's assuming a good deal," said the young girl. "What if I should admit that I am a Rebel, as you have called me, and refuse to give you any information?"

"You dare not withhold the truth. You must tell me just what I want to know. Where is the fugitive Captain.

For a moment the face of Dorothy which had been red went pale again and she was looking Cunningham squarely in the face.

"I shall not disown my sentiments," said she in a clear voice. "I am for liberty."

"Just as I thought!" exclaimed Cunningham. "You see I never miss the mark. Now," he uncrossed his legs, "now, miss, tell me where I can find my late prisoner."

"I can tell you nothing of the kind," was the startling answer. "You have come to the wrong place, Captain Cunningham, to find a traitress. I can not tell you what I know."

"You little Rebel puss, you ought to feel the lips of my 'Black Bess!'" almost roared the infuriated man.

"I have heard of your instrument of torture," calmly spoke Dorothy, "but it does not frighten me."

"How so? Aren't you afraid of becoming an inmate of my bastile?"

"Not at all," smiled the girl.

"I have great authority in Philadelphia," said he.

"Too much, sir."

"Not even General Howe dare interfere with my plans."

"I pity General Howe if he is thus hampered."

"What?" and Cunningham sprang to his feet. "You are getting insolent, miss."

"You may call my language insolence if you will," was the retort. "You will find it the opinion of many people in this city."

The King's jailer swallowed hard and for a moment stared at the cool-headed girl who confronted him. He had not expected this.

"So you know where my prisoner is, but will not tell me?" he exclaimed.

"I have already answered you."

Then, as the rascal did not reply, Dorothy asked with a smile:

"Why do you wear that handkerchief about your head? I hope you have not been engaged in some unseemly brawl."

The words that came from Cunningham's throat resembled in sound the roar of a lion.

"I'll get even with the young traitor who forced me to wear it?" he cried. "I'm going to cut the flesh off his back with my 'Black Bess.'"

"I fancy you'll have to catch him first," tantalizingly said the girl.

"Oh, he's as good as caught now."

"What did he do it with, Captain?"

"Never mind that," flashed back the jailer. "I've got my fingers on the Liberty Boys now. Just you wait, miss."

Dorothy did not reply but looked across the room toward the piano that occupied one corner.

Cunningham detected the swift glance.

"You play?" said he. "I'm very fond of music."

"Indeed? That's to your credit," smiled the girl.

"Would you play for me?"

Dorothy bowed and crossed to the instrument. Seating herself before it she ran her fingers over the shining keys and glanced over her shoulder at her uninvited guest.

"What shall it be?" she asked.

"Play 'England Forever,'" was the answer. It was then a popular tune among the Royalists of America.

The next moment the girl's deft fingers swept the keys in a tune which sent a grimace of rage across Cunningham's countenance.

"Thunderation!" roared he. "That's a Rebel song!"

Dorothy did not heed but played on, the air filling the room and increasing her visitor's ire.

"Stop! I won't listen to such treason!" exclaimed Captain Cunningham, springing to his feet. "It's enough to lock you up. Stop, I say, or——"

"Or what, Captain?" broke in Dorothy, looking over her shoulder at the man fuming in the middle of the room.

He did not answer.

"Well, then," she went on with a smile, "perhaps you will like this."

She broke out in another air which sent the enraged man to her side.

"You ought to be hanged!" he hissed. "I won't listen to another insult."

By this time Dorothy's face was white, but she did not cease playing.

"I wish I had brought 'Black Bess' along," he cried.

"You do? What a doughty servant King George has to be sure. Captain Cunningham, you came thither without an invitation. I am mistress of this house. You will take your departure."

Under his grizzled mustache the jailer bit his lip almost through.

The fair Rebel had risen from the piano stool and faced him with flashing eyes.

"Go!" and her quivering finger pointed towards the door. "Your mission here is unsuccessful."

He glared at her with the ferocity of a wolf, his great hands shaking at his sides and his face crimson to the gills.

Dorothy turned swiftly towards a corner of the room and her hand darted into its dark recesses. The next moment she jerked forth a musket, the click of whose lock fell upon Cunningham's ears.

"Your presence is distasteful," said the young maid. "You pollute everything you touch. I really pity the monarch who keeps such bloodhounds as you in his employ."

The grating of the jailer's teeth was the girl's answer.

"The door is yonder, sir!" she went on. "You've already poisoned the air of this house. Go!"

He stamped the floor in his rage and clenched his hands, but the menace of the weapon was too much for him.

In another moment he was at the door and his face was turned towards the girl with the gun.

"I'm not through with you yet, my Rebel hussy!" he growled. "When any one gets the best of Captain Cunningham the stars will fall."

"They'll fall this very day if you tarry!" was the threat that met his words. "There are men in the King's army who do not make war on my sex, but you are not one of them."

"I crush treason wherever I find it," was the retort. "It's a serpent wherever it crawls. Within the next few hours I shall have my prisoner and every one of the Minute Boys of Liberty in my clutches. Then look out!"

Dorothy laughed sarcastically in his face and as he sprang into the hall he slammed the door with all his might. She heard him tramping from the house and with the musket still in her hands she went to the window and parted the curtains.

She saw him emerge from the house and pause on the pavement. Turning his face towards the house he shook his fist, blurted out a threat of terrible import, and strode away.

"Cowards are easily scared," smiled the fair Rebel as she carried the musket back to its corner. "This gun hasn't carried a ball in ten years!" and she laughed at the hurried exit of King George's jailer.

CHAPTER IX.
DASH FOR FREEDOM.

It was Rodney's first duty after escaping from the clutches of Captain Cunningham to seek out his fellow members of the Liberty League and acquaint them all with his good fortune. Tom, in turn, had to recount his resignation as Master Jack's apprentice, after which the boys set about to carry out the plan to get Captain South across the river in order that he might rejoin Washington.

The time had come for that adventure. The boys knew that it was likely to be attended with great danger for the rewards offered for the patriot Captain were liable to stimulate search and any movement on the boys' part was risky.

Waiting impatiently in the retreat which he had reached after escaping was the man of the hour.

He was one of the bravest soldiers in the Continental Army and Washington greatly needed his services. He had been captured by a squad of British after desperate resistance and was conveyed to the Quaker City to feel the inhumanity of Cunningham. It was no wonder that he sought to escape.

The Minute Boys of Liberty had secured a row boat which they had concealed at the foot of a certain street where there were no guards and it was designed to take the American captain thither and embark for Cooper's Point on the opposite side.

Meantime Cunningham with all the shrewdness of a practised villain had sentries posted at the foot of every street for the very purpose of forestalling any effort to get the fugitive out of the city.

It was with great anxiety that our young patriots saw the first long shadows of night.

They assembled in a small room not far from Captain South's retreat.

All lights had been put out and the room was cast in darkness. All at once a suspicious sound fell upon their ears and Rodney crossed the chamber to the door.

"It may have been a rat," suggested Tom in low tones.

"It was no rat," was the reply. "I fear a spy is at our heels."

Rodney gently opened the door and looked out. The sky was studded with stars and their brilliancy at any other time would have interested him. But now there was dangerous work on hand and he had other things to think of.

The door which he had opened looked out upon a garden. At first he saw nothing, but suddenly his gaze became riveted upon an object which at first resembled a stick of wood lying but a yard away. Rodney bent forward and watched it with his keen eyes.

It was not a stick of wood, but a human being.

In an instant the mind of the young watchmaker was made up. If he closed the door the spy would escape. If he dallied a a single moment he might be assaulted.

All at once the figure of Rodney May shot straight towards the object on the ground. He fell upon it before the fellow could counteract his movements.

There was a short exclamation from the figure pounced upon and it attempted to throw Rodney off. This was the last thing the young patriot intended should be done if he could help it, therefore he held on for dear life his hands having already found the man's throat and he was exerting all his strength to force him into unconsciousness.

Rodney's prolonged absence drew Tom and the others to the door and they at once took in the situation. They rushed to Rodney's help and the man was dragged into the house.

"Light a candle," commanded the watchmaker. "We will see what sort of game I have caught."

The moment a light appeared, Dallas shading it with his hands, all turned to look at Rodney's prisoner. Exclamations rose from all sides, for he was none other than the renowned Peter Peeps, the King's spy.

Peter looked crestfallen and for a moment hung his head. He had been forced into a large arm-chair and the boys stared at him triumpantly.

"How now, Master Peeps?" began Rodney. "You seem to be abroad at all hours."

"What's the matter with you young Rebels?" retorted Peter, showing some indignation.

"We're just having a little meeting."

"A pretty set of plotters you are," growled the spy. "You will release me at once."

"Don't be in a hurry, Peter. All's fair in war."

"But you daren't hold me," the spy continued. "You don't know what you are doing."

"We don't, eh?" was the response. "Get a rope, Tom. You'll find a good stout one in the closet yonder, I think."

Peter's face went white at the gills and he made an effort to leave the chair, but strong young arms held him down. Tom Clover soon found a rope and handed it to Timothy.

"Make the prisoner fast in the chair," said Rodney. "We're not going to take any chances tonight."

"You would better not!" threatened the spy.

In a few minutes Peter Peeps was well secured in the chair and his flashing eyes awaited the next move on the part of his captors.

"We wish you a good time where you are," spoke Rodney whose face wore a smile. "We will gag you next for, as I've said, we don't intend to run any risks."

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A handkerchief was thrust into the prisoner's mouth and secured by another, after which the boys drew off and contemplated the man in the chair.

His face was the picture of rage. Now that he could not speak he could only look his rage and this nettled him.

"Out with the light now," said Rodney and the candle was instantly extinguished.

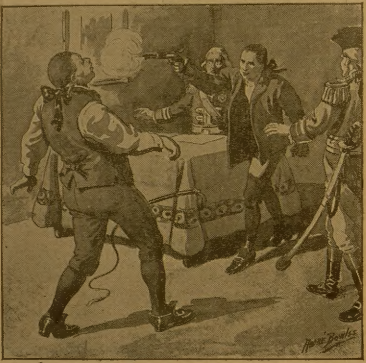
"Good-by, Peter," continued the boy watchmaker. "The next time you play spy for your King have a little more discretion."

There was no reply and the boys filed out of the house. The hour had come for the transport of Captain South from his hiding place to the river.

A short time later the fugitive for the first time for many hours breathed the air of freedom. He had been given a disguise and in company with Tom took a roundabout route to the water.

"I trust we shall meet with no interference," said Tom in cautious whispers. "We have proceeded so well thus far——"

The sentence was broken by the hand of Captain South which fell warningly upon Tom's arm.



The answer was a loud report.

"What is it?" whispered the young saddler.

"Look—yonder!" was the answer and the hand of the patriot pointed forward.

They were near the river and the tall masts of several boats had risen between them and the stars.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Tom, "the spot is guarded."

Before them loomed the figure of a British soldier who stood like a statue with his musket ready for action. He looked tremendous in the starlight.

"What's to be done?" asked Tom.

"Done?" was spoken at his ears in determined tones. "If the guard is yonder where can the boat be?"

"Oh, it's within call. If we could only dispose of the sentry we can——"

"I'm a match for any Briton that ever shouldered a musket!" cried Captain South. "I'll take care of this one."

The fugitive glided from Tom's side and cautiously approached the guard shaded by the warehouses that lined the wharf at that particular point. Tom held his breath.

All at once he heard a half-suppressed cry and saw the giant figure of the King's guard toppled back. There was a brief struggle on the ground and the soldier lay still.

Tom sprang forward and found Captain South bending over the soldier who did not move.

"I told you I was equal to the occasion," said the patriot, looking up into the lad's face. "Now call the boat."

Tom promptly gave a low whistle and presently something dark darted into view and approached them. A boat came alongside with muffled oars.

In the boat sat the rest of the Minute Boys of Liberty.

"Quick!" admonished Tom. "We've just fixed the guard and there's no telling who may pounce upon us if we tarry."

Captain South leaped into the boat and Tom after him.

"What about the sentry?" asked Rodney.

"I've gagged him," was the reply from the fugitive. "He's settled till he's found."

"Put off, then," commanded the young watchmaker. "It is now or never!"

In another second the boat put back and was soon skimming over the waters of the Delaware.

Suddenly half a dozen dark forms were seen running down the street towards the foot of the wharf.

"Faster! faster!" cried Tom to his companions.

The oars were plied anew by strong young arms, but the next minute two boats were seen to shoot out from the pier. They had been seen!

Captain South stood upright in the boat and with stern face watched the chase in silence. In one hand he held a cocked pistol and he saw nothing but the two objects cutting the water in their wake.

It soon became apparent to the young patriots that the pursuing boats were well manned. The soldiers in them were stout fellows who knew how to ply the oar and they were determined to bring to naught the rescue of Cunningham's captive.

On, on went pursuers and pursued.

"They're gaining," said Captain South through clenched teeth as he watched from the stern of the boat. "We shall have to teach these rascals a lesson."

"Look yonder!" suddenly exclaimed Dallas." There's another boat trying to intercept us."

This was true, for the third boat coming down the stream had been perceived by all and the chances of escape were indeed becoming desperate.

"Are you boys armed?" asked the patriot Captain.

"We have pistols," answered Rodney.

"Good! Get them out at once. We must keep those fellows off."

The Minute Boys of Liberty drew their weapons and awaited further commands.

"Halt!" suddenly rang out over the water. "Halt in the King's name!"

There was no response. Captain South watched the boats in silence with his hand at the trigger of his pistol. The command was repeated louder and clearer than before.

"Ready!" said the Captain in low tones. "Aim at the foremost boat."

It was done promptly.

"Fire!" cried Captain South.

The next moment the weapons of the Liberty Boys lit up the waters of the Delaware.

This thrilling story of youthful adventures in the Revolutionary War will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

A Dream of Science.

"Coal heats our homes and offices, drives our machines—and also covers the city with the foulest soot and grime. But in the future city, and in the beautiful suburbs all around, the rumbling, clattering coal truck will be replaced by a modest unobtrusive wire running underground. Through this wire will pass from some huge central dynamo plant an electric current—power. This power will heat our homes, light our homes, clean our homes, cook our food, black our boots, carry us upstairs, slave for us in a hundred ways. Every machine in the city will be run by the same tamed giant. In this city today there is a law that no man may keep hogs in his back yard or in his house. In the years before us, the same law will apply to coal, which is worse than forty hogs. And the cities of the future will have not so much as a wreath of smoke between them and the heavens," says a writer in Everybody's Magazine.

"I spoke of cooking food. What of the food itself? Meat we have already covered. But what of fruits and vegetables? 'I agree,' you may say, 'to artificial meat. The idea of tearing hogs to pieces, after all, isn't nice. But peaches and lettuce made by machine are somewhat more than I can bear.' Very good. Have 'em made by manure and mud, if that process seems more dainty. The point I want to make is, that you can have 'em cheap.

"The science of market gardening has only just begun, but even in these first few years the chemists in this line have shown us hints of astounding possibilities. And in the famous gardens that circle the city of Paris the amount of fruits and vegetables—green vegetables—produced on a small three-acre plot outdoors straight through the winter months (150,000 heads of lettuce, for example, on one three-acre plot from Christmas to the 1st of July) gives you some little hint of what the future has in store.

"Crude as yet, and the produce at fancy prices still, because transportation is slow, the gardens must keep close to Paris, and there the rents are high. But give by the means I have mentioned swift and cheap communication between a city and the country for hundreds of miles around, and give the horticultural chemists fifty years more to find what can really be done with artificial earth—earth made by machinery—and there is left not the shadow of a doubt that the future people of cities, whether they live in town or in some beautiful suburb a hundred miles away, will have fruits and fresh green vegetables at prices next to nothing, winter and summer alike.

"So much for my dreams," concluded the chemist.

Changes!

"Times is changed," said the old lady, "an' the man to fill the office o' President o' these here United States, in this day an' time, has got to have the digestion of a steam b'iler!

"He's got to eat alligator, and say he likes it; he must wave the hotel waiter away an' say that nuthin' less'n fried rattlesnake will set well on his stummick; he must look on 'possum as a Sunday privilege, an' roasted groundhog must be his heart's delight; he must wear goatskin breeches, shoes with terrapin-back soles, a cap o' coonskin, cowhide fer a chest protector an' the three-foot horn of a Texas steer fer a walkin' stick; otherwise, in secret, he kin eat and dress like a ordinary human.

"The fact is, he must, ez they say, do as Rome does, though Rome don't do no two things alike. It's true, he can't please all, but he kin try to, or die a-tryin'. The people like to be what you might call 'singular,' though they're always plural where money is consarned—two tryin' to get one. Time wuz you could split rails fer the Presidency, but now you've got to walk a barbed-wire fence to get at it, an' afterward put on extra wires to keep the office-seekers out.

"It's the curiousest age I ever lived in, and gittin' more curious every day the Lord sends. When you ain't dodgin' ortermobiles you're in danger of being sandbagged by a airship, an' ef you escape both the airship an' ortermobile, as like as not you'll be hit by a wireless message whilst enjoyin' of yourself in a bath tub! My ol' man says the worl' is advancin' so rapid the angels thirselves must jest look on an' wonder an' admire! But it's my priviate opinion that they're kept out the way o' the world, bein' afeard it'll roll into heaven any minute an' change the ol'-fashioned harps to music boxes an' put 'lectric wings on all the saints.

"But I wuz talkin' 'bout Presidents, an' I might well say, here an' now, that I'm glad no one in my family ever run for that office. There's been a coroner or two amongst us, an' a sheriff, an' a town marshal, but as fur as I know, not one o' 'em ever wuz peculiar enough to be President. But I won't make no brags on it, fer thar's a gineration or two o' them hereabouts, an' this is a free country, an' thar's jest no knowin' what'll happen 'fore we tell the sun good night fer the last time!"

She Didn't Understand.

The male passenger dropped a dime in the fare box by mistake.

As usual the conductor explained that there was no redress, that the extra nickel had been swallowed up as completely as if it had been dropped into a well. The passenger suggested that the conductor hold out the fare of the next person to get on and give it to him, and thus even things up. The conductor said he would arrange it if possible.

A woman of suffragette make-up got on and started to drop her nickel in the box.

"Just hand it to this man here," said the accommodating conductor. "You see he—"

"What's that?" interrupted the woman sternly.

"I say," repeated the conductor, "this man has already paid two fares. You just hand your nickel to him. Then that will make everything square."

"Give the nickel to him! Pay his fare! Well, I guess not. The idea of a man expecting me to pay his fare. Why——"

"Oh, no, you don't understand. You see, it's like this——"

"It doesn't make any difference what the reasons are. I shall not pay any man's car fare—particularly a total stranger. I never heard of anything so utterly absurd."

By that time everybody on the platform was looking at the man and wondering what kind of a game he had been trying to work on a poor unprotected woman. He gave the conductor a desperate look that meant he was to carry the explanation no further.

The woman dropped her nickel in the box with a vicious jingle, and at the next corner the man got off to await for the car behind.

Snarl From a Cynic.

Youngleigh—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter?

Cynicus—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.

THE WONDER
(Actual Size.)

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CANADA SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR.

Had to Pay the Price.

An officer in a Portland bank was ill last summer with malaria and confined to his bed at his country home. The house is situated in a village celebrated as much for its lack of conveniences as for the beauty of the scenery thereabouts. In fact, it is almost impossible to buy anything to eat there, and the summer residents send their provisions out from the city.

The invalid became possessed by a desire for a piece of watermelon, which fruit could not be found at the local stores. The only solution of the problem that appeared was to send Hans, the man of all work, to the city for one, and he was called in from the garden and instructed to take the first train, buy a watermelon, and return as speedily as possible.

As Hans left, his mistress gave him the family railroad ticket and a dollar with which to buy the melon. Melons were worth at that time about 25 to 30 cents, and his only instructions were to "get a good one" and "hurry back." The trip, ordinarily, would have taken two or three hours, and as it was forenoon, the invalid had visions of his thirst being satiated during the afternoon.

The 3 o'clock train came in, but no sign of Hans. Possibly he had missed it. The 4 o'clock train tooted its way into and out of the village, but no Hans appeared. Five o'clock, 6 o'clock, 6:30, 7 o'clock; all came with the same result. By that time the invalid had grown fretful and the mistress worried for fear that Hans had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

Finally, after the arrival of the last train, 10 o'clock at night, Hans' shuffling footsteps were heard on the porch and he appeared with an enormous watermelon in his arms.

"Where in the world have you been, Hans?" asked his mistress.

"Vell, Mrs. A.," said Hans, "I'm awful tired and I ain't not had no dinner und no supper. I found melons for tventy cents und for tirty cents und for feefty cents, but I vouldn't dake dem. I shust keep on goin' until I found von for a dollar, und dere it is!"

◆

May Manton Fashion Notes.

Chiffon for Late Summer Gowns.

Chiffon as a material for gowns of comparatively simple use is constantly growing in favor. For some time past the manufacture has been so far improved as to render the material durable, and late summer gowns are being made of it treated in lingerie style and with lingerie trimming. In some instances the chiffon is embroidered, but it is most interesting when treated with lingerie collar and finished in similar ways. Dark colors are being much worn, and blue, prune color and similar shades are greatly in favor. A really beautiful gown of chiffon that emanates from a well-known Parisian establishment, is of navy blue. It is made with a simple straight, narrow skirt, that is lifted above the waist line and gathered at the upper edge, and with a short Empire bodice, but it is relieved by a large collar of hand embroidered white batiste, and this collar is cut in sailor form, the back reaching to the high waist line, while in the front the ends are cleverly arranged to outline a shallow yoke of lace. The ends of the collar disappear under the arms. The skirt is trimmed with two scanty flounces of the batiste embroidery, and the gown is altogether distinctive, and new and interesting.

There are many evidences of these big collars finished in various ways at the front, and they are so pretty and so new and dainty that they can not fail to be welcomed. This gown exploits the feature in a very fascinating manner, and it is to be met in many novel ways.

◆

A Foreigner Now.

Dorothy was 5. Cousin George was 25. They adored each other. Cousin George never had know any other home than Dorothy had known, and Dorothy's little life would have been sadly incomplete without her handsome cousin.

When he became engaged to his pretty neighbor, Helen Jones, Dorothy accepted the situation with unbounded joy. She loved Miss Helen with her whole affectionate little heart, and it was fitting that Cousin George should love her, too. But one unhappy day it became known to Dorothy that after George's marriage he would have his home with the Joneses. She protested. scolded, cajoled and, though both George and Helen were untiring in their efforts to win the little maid's mind to accept their plan, Dorothy never surrendered herself to the belief that George really would go away. So when the day arrived for her beloved cousin's departure her child's heart was tortured with hurt pride and love and she would not let him touch her and refused to say good-by to him when he was leaving the home.

It was Dorothy's custom in her evening prayers, with head bowed on clasped hands on her mother's shoulder, to ask God to bless individually each member of the household, and Cousin George's name always was prominent in the list of petitions and was pronounced with special fervor.

On the first night of George's absence from his old home Dorothy reached her usual ending, "God bless everybody in the world. Amen!" without any mention of Cousin George.

"Why, Dorothy," said her mother, gently, "you've forgotten Cousin George."

"No, I haven't," answered Dorothy, vehemently; "he's gone to live with the Joneses. Let the Joneses pray for him."

◆

Willie as a Soldier Boy.

Willie is now a soldier. Mamma didn't want him to be, and Willie knew it, for soldiering is so dangerous. So Willie didn't tell her until after he had joined the local company.

Now he is in grave danger every Thursday night—danger of missing the last car, for they drill on that night.

Willie's room now bears a most military appearance so far as arms and accoutrements are concerned, but the appearance of it would give an inspecting officer the jimjams.

There is a gun—a formidable gun. At least, it used to be formidable, because the Government used it once. It will shoot still if you load it.

Then on the dresser is a real belt—a much used belt, and a khaki uniform is lying in the corner. A pair of skimpy brown leggings are on the floor, where Willie took them off after the last drill.

The uniform as seen off Willie does not look as it does on him. Then it changes its nature completely, and Willie pulls in the belt to the very last notch and makes the skirts of the coat hike up like those of a fantail pigeon.

The leggings off Willie look large. On Willie—well, taking it all together, there is a change.

But Willie's all right in principle. He hasn't been able yet to acquire the correct military walk. When he does there will be a change in his looks.

And some day we may have a war, and when that time comes people won't be smiling when Willie struts past as they do now—not much.

Triumph.

He looked ahead with hope when he got $20 a week.

"Some day," he thought, "I will draw $25. Then I will have $1 a week more to spend for my own pleasure. My wife will have another with which to do as she pleases, and we will save three. That will be $156 a year, not counting the interest."

When he got $25 a week he thought:

"I will make myself so useful here that they will pay me twice as much some time as they are paying me now. We will then save $15 a week, and I will always have at least $5 in my pocket."

When he succeeded in inducing them to pay him $50 a week he often thought:

"Oh, if I could have an income of $5,000 a year! Then it would be possible for me to have at least $3 a week for myself, and we could save perhaps a thousand annually."

When the hair on his temples was white he had become so valuable to his employers that they paid him $5,000 a year, and he often said to himself:

"If I had $10,000 a year I believe we could manage to save a little now and then, and perhaps I could sometimes smuggle a dollar or two out to spend for my own pleasure."

But, alas, poor man! He never reached that happy state. He managed, however, to leave enough in the way of insurance to enable his wife to live in the style to which she had become accustomed. Which was no small triumph for a man on a salary and a wife whose ambition was to keep a little ahead of her neighbors.

◆

A Quick Spender.

"Do you know that there are millions of germs on a dollar bill?"

"So I've heard, but if they expect to transfer themselves from the bill to me while it is in my possession, they'll have to step lively."

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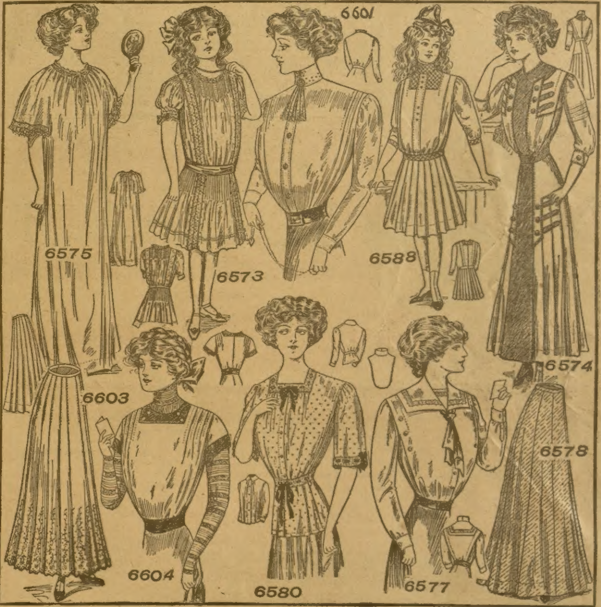

6575—Chemise Night Gown. Small 34 or 36; medium 38 or 40; large 42 or 44 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4⅞ yards 36, or 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide, 1¾ yards banding, 3½ yards of edging, 1⅞ yards of beading.

6573—Girl's Tucked Dress, 6 to 12 years. The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 yrs.) is 4¼ yards 24 or 27, 3¾ yards 32, 2⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of wide insertion, 3⅜ yards of narrow.

6601—Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 42 Bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3⅝ yards 21, 24 or 27, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

6588—Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years. The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 6⅜ yards 24, 4¼ yards 32, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard 27 inches wide for trimming.

6574—Misses' Semi-Princesse Costume, 14 and 16 years. The quantity of material required for the 16-year size is 9¼ yards 24 or 27, 8¼ yards 32, or 5¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1⅜ yards 27 for the yoke, panel and trimming portions to make illustrated.

6603—Misses' Straight Plaited Skirt, 14 and 16 years. The quantity of material required for the 16-year old size is 6 yards of 24 or 27, 4⅜ yards 32, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide; or 3⅝ yards of flouncing 27 inches wide.

6604—Misses' Tucked Over Blouse, 14 and 16 years. The quantity of material required for the 16-year size is 2 yards 21, 24 or 32, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅜ yard of silk 27 inches wide for trimming.

6580—Breakfast Jacket, 34 to 44 Bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 24 or 27, 3⅜ yards 32, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3⅛ yards of banding.

6577—Sailor Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 40 Bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4⅛ yards 24 or 27, 3½ yards 32, or 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide, with 1⅜ yards of banding.

6578—Nine Gored Skirt, 24 to 34 Waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 11 yards 27, 5⅜ yards 44, 5½ 52 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 7 yards 27, 4½ yards 44, 4 yards 52 inches wide when material has neither figure or nap, width of skirt at lower edge 3⅜ yards.

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The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read About It.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THE PURPLE MIST.

There once was a fairy, as old folk tell,
Long and long ago,
That lived in the heart of a bright blue-bell,
Long and long ago.
They say she only crept out at night,
Long and long ago,
And combed her hair by the firefly's light.
The old folk say it is so.
She wove her a veil of purple mist,
Long and long ago,
That melted away when the Sun King kissed
That fairy of long ago.
And if you steal out at early dawn,
They say—but who can tell—
That the self-same fairy may not be gone
To the heart of the bright blue-bell.
You may find her weaving the purple mist
As she did in that long ago,
Weaving and waiting there to be kissed
With the kiss of long ago.

Horseshoes.

Horseshoes are lucky hung up over a door because they keep the devil out of the house. It happened in this way: Good St. Dunstan was a famous blacksmith, and the king of evil, who used to travel around the world in person before he became so busy, stopped at the saint's forge one day and asked the blacksmith to put a shoe on his hoof. St. Dunstan knew the person he had to handle. He took the ropes that he used to tie horses with and bound the devil so tightly that that gentleman could not move. Then the saint set to work. The devil roared and screamed as St. Dunstan put a red-hot iron shoe over the hoof and pounded it in with long nails. He pleaded with his captor to let him go, promising anything in return.

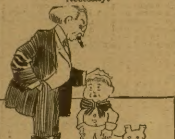
"If I let you go," said St. Dunstan, "will you promise never to enter a house that has a horseshoe nailed over the door?"

"On my honor as a gentleman, I promise," said the devil solemnly, and then St. Dunstan let him go. And from that day to this, so they say, the devil has never entered a house so protected. The devil is a man of his word, whatever else people may think of him.

Cinderella.

How did it happen that Cinderella wore glass slippers to the prince's ball? She didn't. She wore slippers, but they were not of glass, according to people that have been digging into old French libraries. The story of Cinderella as we now know it is a translation made long ago from a French fairy tale. In this story the slippers that the fairy godmother gave to Cinderella were made of sable, the fur once used only by royal persons. The French word for sable is "vair" and the word for glass is "verre." The translator made a mistake, that is all. At least, that is what people say.

Necessity.



Rich Uncle Ebenezer—So you are named after me, are you?

Small Nephew—Yes; ma said it was too bad, but we needed the money.

The Tea Party.

Boys and girls who have studied American history have all been told that at the famous Boston tea party a century and a half ago the Boston citizens boarded a merchant vessel loaded with tea and dumped the cargo into the water so that they might not be compelled to buy the tea and pay a tax on it to the British Government. One of the wisest men in Boston says this is not true. He says that the tea could not have been dumped into the sea because at the time when the "party" was held the tide was out and the boat was lying careened on the mud of Boston harbor.

A PECULIAR PAIR.

There was a little gentleman that had a pleasant wife,
And both of them were satisfied and lived a pleasant life.
With many friends to visit them, although it's very true,
There certainly were some peculiar things about the two.

The gentleman was most averse to handles on a cup,
And so he broke one off his own, and had to pick it up
In both his hands, which certainly is difficult, I've found,
Although he said it looked much better uniformly round.
His wife had quite a fondness for a decorative bow,
And tied rosettes on all the chairs and on the rake and hoe
And even on the frying pan, although I must declare
If I were keeping house I'd surely never put one there.

The gentleman was fond of putting sugar on the floor,
And every time they swept the room he had to get some more;
His wife hung all the pictures from the ceiling of the room,
And so you had to dodge them if you entered in the gloom.

But, dear me! People always have their own peculiar ways
It's just as well to overlook the things we cannot praise.
Perhaps my house is full of things that you would not approve;
Perhaps if I were forced to live in your house I would move.

They Were Smart.

Boys are usually given all the credit for playing practical jokes, but last winter three small girls got a little ahead of anything their brothers had done without being unduly mischievous. They built a snow man in their front yard near the sidewalk, and they built him around an iron pipe which opened at the man's mouth. The other end was attached to another pipe, which ran under the snow through a basement window of the house, where the girls took up their position. Whenever any person passed along the sidewalk one of the girls would speak into the end of the pipe and her voice, carried under the snow, had all the appearance of having originated in the snow man's throat. The talking statue became the wonder of the neighborhood, and for a long time no one discovered that his voice came from an ordinary speaking tube similar to those that end in the vestibules of flat buildings.

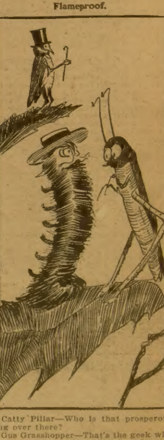
King and Spider.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was saved from death by a spider, according to a story people tell. They say that the King was at luncheon and was about to drink some chocolate when a spider dropped from the ceiling into the cup. The King sent for another cup, and the attendant returned immediately to say that the cook had shot himself. It was afterward found that the cook had poisoned the chocolate and that when the second cup had been sent for he believed that his act had been found out.

Success by Failure.

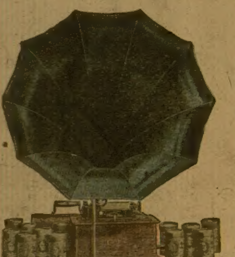
The way some people succeed by failure is enough to remind any one of the two college boys that started to make fudge. They did not know how to make it, but they were willing to try, and when the fudge was done they found that it was perfectly good butter-scotch.

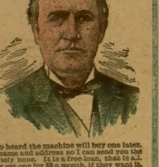
Flameproof.



Catty Pillar—Who is that prosperous bug over there?

Gus Grasshopper—That's the geek who made a million selling asbestos wings to moths.





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Read the Offer: I will ship you free this grand No. 10 outfit, Fireside Model, with one dozen Gold Moulded and Amberol records. You do not have to pay me a cent C. O. D. or sign any leases or mortgages. I want you to get this free outfit—the masterpiece of Mr. Edison's skill—in your home. I want you to see and hear Mr. Edison's final and greatest improvement in phonographs. I want to convince you of its wonderful superiority. Give a free concert; give a free minstrel show, music, dances, the old fashioned hymns, grand opera, comic opera—all this I want you to hear free of charge—all in your own home—on this free loan offer.

MY REASON—My reason for this free loan offer, this extra liberal offer on the finest talking machine ever made—see below.

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The phonograph is the result of years of experiment; it is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He realizes fully its value as an entertainer and educator; for the phonograph brings the pleasure of the city right to the village and the farm home. Now, the new Fireside Edison Phonograph of our outfit No. 10, 1910 Model, is the latest and greatest improved talking machine made by this great inventor. Everybody should hear it; everybody must hear it. If you have only heard other talking machines before, you cannot imagine what beautiful music you can get from the outfit No. 10. This new machine is just out and has never been heard around the country. We want to convince you; we want to prove to you that this outfit is far, far superior to anything ever heard before. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.

MY REASON I don't want you to buy it—I don't ask you to buy anything. But I do feel that if I can send you this great phonograph and convince you of its merits, of its absolute superiority, you will be glad to invite your neighbors and friends to your house to let them hear the free concert. Then, perhaps, one or more of your friends will be glad to buy one of these great outfits No. 10. You can tell your friends that they can get an Edison Phonograph outfit complete with records for only $2.00 a month—$2.00 a month—the easiest possible payment and, at the same time, a rock-bottom price. Perhaps you, yourself, would want a phonograph, and if you ever intend to get a phonograph, now is the chance to get the brand new and most wonderful phonograph ever made, and on a most wonderfully liberal offer. But if neither you nor your friends want the machine, that is O. K.; I simply want you to have it on a free loan, and perhaps somebody who heard the machine will buy one later. I am glad to send it on the free loan offer anyway. I will take it as a favor if you will send me your name and address so I can send you the catalog—then you can decide whether you want the free loan. There are no strings on this offer, absolutely none. It is a free loan, that is all. I ask not for one cent of your money I only say if any of your people want to buy a phonograph, they may get one for $2 a month, if they want it.

Now, remember, nobody asks for a cent of your money. I want every responsible household in the country, every man who wants to see his home cheerful and his family entertained, every good father, every good husband, to write and get these free concerts for his home. Remember, the loan is absolutely free from us, and we do not even charge you anything C. O. D.

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